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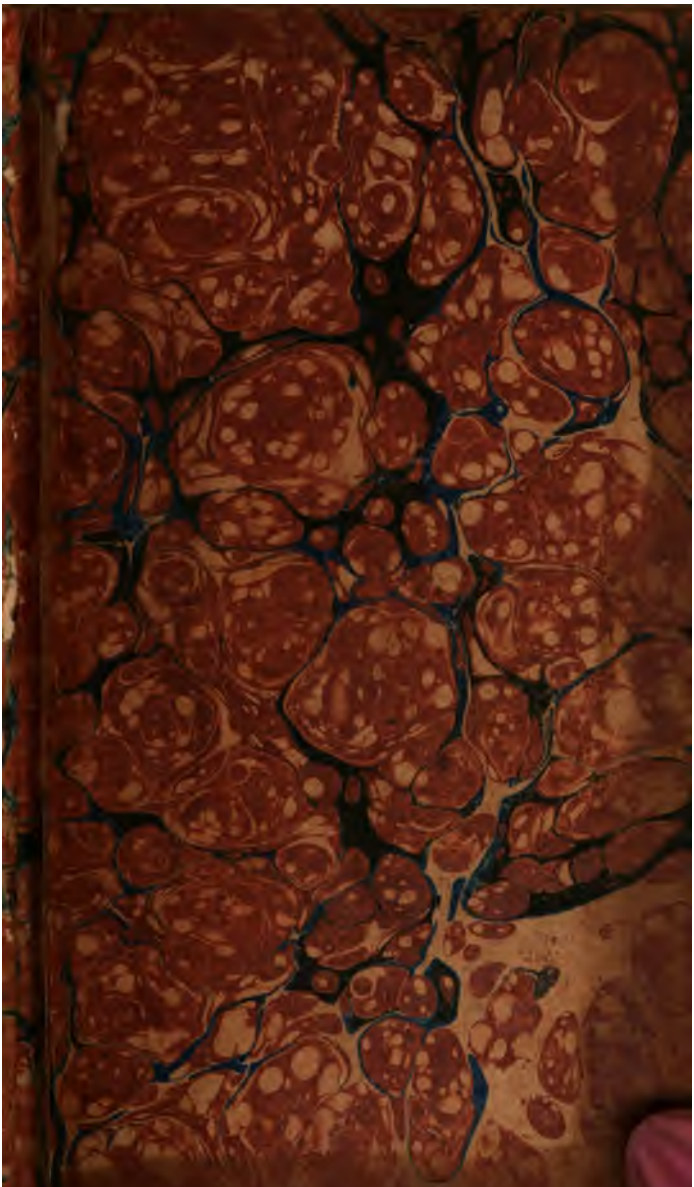


DRUNKEN BARNABY'S

FOUR JOURNEYS

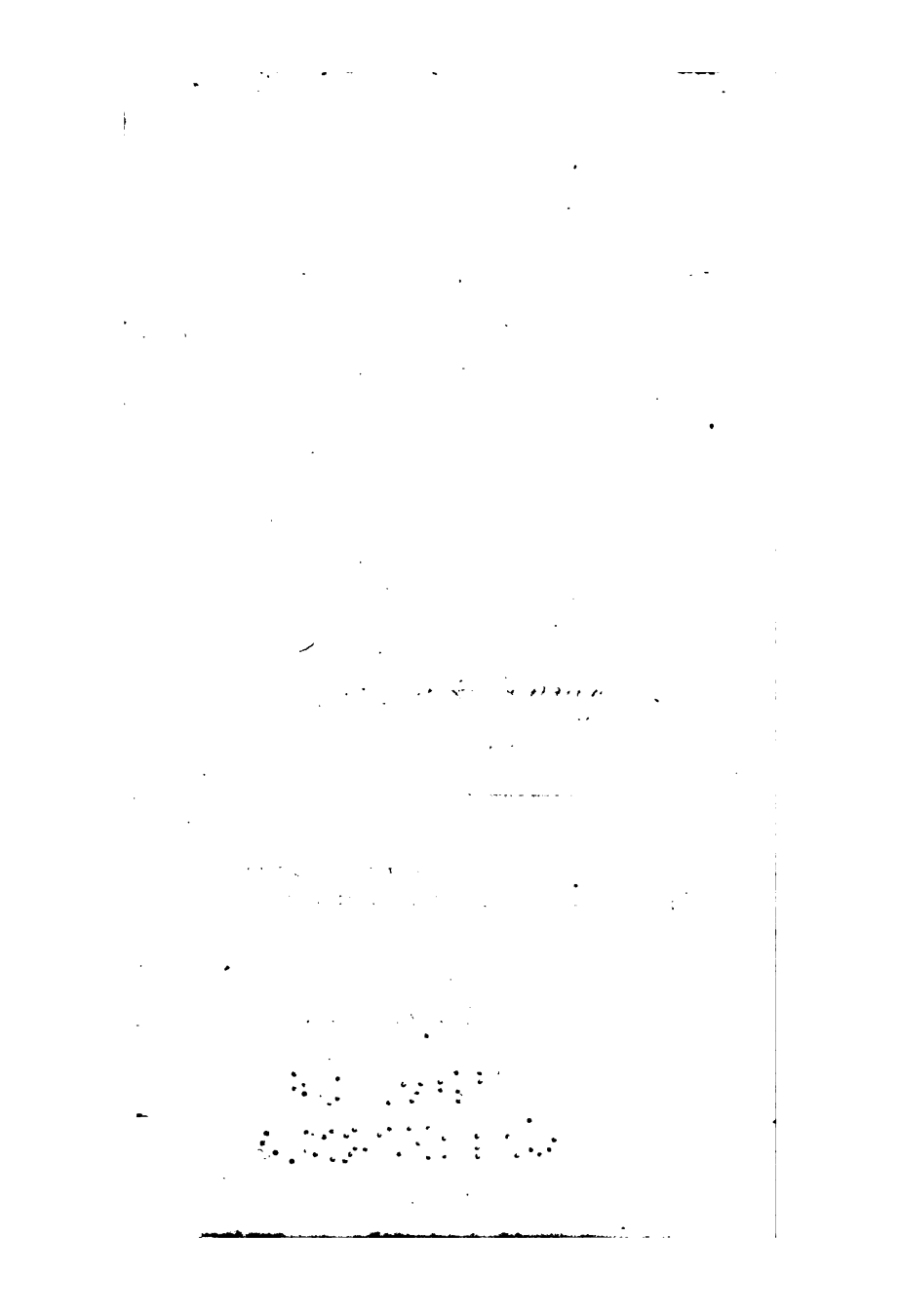
TO THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.

Richard Brathwaite

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR
J. HARDING, NO. 36, ST. JAMES'S STREET.

1805.



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1805
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BARNABEES JOURNALL,

UNDER THE NAMES OF

MIRTILUS AND FAUSTULUS

SHADOW'D:

FOR THE TRAVELLER'S SOLACE LATELY PUBLISH'D, TO MOST APT NUMBERS REDUCED, AND TO THE OLD TUNE OF BARNABY COMMONLY CHANTED.

By CORYMBÆUS.

THE OYLE OF MALT AND JUYCE OF SPRITELY NECTAR,
HAVE MADE MY MUSE MORE VALIANT THAN HECTOR.

LONDON:

PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1716.

2001299

TO PHILOXENUS.

Thee pleasing waymates titled have their
patron,
Their country's glory, which they build their
state on,
The poet's wine-bush, which they use to
prate on,
Arts merry minion.
In lyrick measures doth thy Bard salute thee,
Who with a constant resolution suits thee,
Nor can ought move me to remove me from
thee,
But my religion.

INDEX OPERIS.

Mulciber, uva, Venus, redolens ampulla,
Silenus,
Effigiem titulis explicuere suis.
Sic me Parnassi deserta per arcua dulcis
Raptat amor——

ADVERTISEMENT.

A new edition of Drunken Barnaby's Journal, in Latin and English rhime, having been long a desideratum in the literary world, the Publisher thought it would be deserving well of such as had a taste for wit and learning to extend the acquaintance of a festive bard, who has delighted all to whom he has been known.

A Frenchman has written a volume, concerning authors who had published works under fictitious names. The facetious author of "Travels to the North, four times backward and forward," might perhaps be enrolled

in the number; for there is reason to believe Barnaby Harrington to be a denomination void and vain.

Various motives, good and bad, induce authors to conceal themselves from the public. Out of a capricious haughtiness, Swift rarely avowed any of his productions: and Voltaire, from regard to his personal repose, disavowed many of his, with an earnestness not very consistent with the principles of truth. But the motives to concealment, whatever they may be, have force only for a time; the pride and fascination of authorship, usually prevail in the end with every attractive writer, to lay claim to the laurels of literature. This however is not invariably the case; whether from fortuitous circumstances, or peculiarity of disposition, there are several celebrated productions of which the authors remain inscrutable to curiosity. The famous Barnaby Harrington's Travels is perhaps to be one instance of the kind.

On the perusal of a performance possessing so much merit, as well as eccentricity, a strong desire is excited to know what the author was, when he lived, and when he wrote. Some notices are contained in his own pages; they give us to understand, that his name was Harrington; that he was born at Appleby; that he married at Darlington; and at last settled in the North, as a dealer in horses and cattle. But who can say, whether these particulars are real or imaginary? Upon a reference to many sources of information, no proof of them can be found.

Barnaby's Travels are sometimes quoted in books; in Gent's History of York; in Boucher's Biographia Cumberlandiæ; in Hutchinson's History of Durham, &c. &c. and they have obtained so much regard, that several copies are extant with manuscript comments. Hitherto, however, no biographical account of him has been given; the real has not been distinguished from the assumed character of

the writer. The editor of the second edition of the work, calls him a graduate of Queen's College, Oxford; an assertion not corroborated by the author; nor is his name to be found in the lists of Oxford or Cambridge graduates. A manuscript memorandum states him to have been a Schoolmaster in Yorkshire; but without assigning any authority. Barnaby gives no intimation himself of his vocation or business, until, in his last journey, he becomes horse-dealer. It would be difficult to decide how far his Journal is a faithful relation: it seems alike improbable, that he should have feigned the whole, or that a man of such powers of intellect as he displays, should be engaged in the manner he represents himself, in perpetual inebriation with low associates. These courses militate against the tenor of an address to the reader, prefixed to the first edition; and which being afterwards omitted, we shall here introduce.

"Good reader, if this impression have errors in it, excuse it; the copy was obscure, neither was the author, by reason of his distance, and employments of higher consequence, made acquainted with the publishing of it.

His Pataninus erravit prelis,
Authorem suis lacerando telis.
Philander."

Fiction may be supposed to have some share in Barnaby's descriptions; probably a large share. Having invested himself with a poetical character, it may be presumed, that he both fabricated and adapted incidents to suit it, like other dealers in poetry. A song, such as the perusal of his Travels might suggest, was composed, and is cited by one of his editors, but as only a single couplet of it has been given, we shall gratify the curious with two more.

" Barnaby, Barnaby, thou'st been drinking,
I can tell by thy nose and thy eyes winking.

Drunk at Richmond, drunk at Dover,
Drunk at Newcastle, and drunk all over.

Hey Barnaby! take't for a warning,
Be no more drunk nor dry in a morning*."

This song was considered as a curiosity by the late Mr. Ritson, having been recovered, from the recollection of his mother, a north country woman. Barnaby was a great favourite with Mr. R.; and he regarded him rather as a real than a fictitious character.

The period of Barnaby's living and writing, though not ascertained with preciseness, is not so much obscured from view as his person. Several circumstances concur to mani-

* From the very obliging communication of Thomas Park, Esq. whose stores of varied and extensive information are rendered the more valuable, because accompanied by a disposition most liberally communicative.

fest, that it was in the early part of the seventeenth century.

The original edition of the Travels has no date; is of very diminutive size; and has the appearance of being printed about the middle of that century. It has a frontispiece, engraved by W. Marshall, who flourished from 1635 to 1650.

In 1716, was printed the next edition, which, instead of an address to the reader, that accompanied the former, substituted the Latin address, *Editor Lectori*. The period of republication seems to have been too remote for the editor to gain much knowledge of the author. Accordingly, he gives no information respecting Barnaby, in addition to what his own pages supply, except that of calling him "a Graduate of Oxford;" which upon examination, has proved to be an unfounded report.

A third edition in 1723, added an English Advertisement, and an Index. A fourth,

was printed in 1774, with no variation from the preceding.

With respect to time, there is internal evidence; Barnaby mentions Middleton, as enriched by the New River.

> Amnes lenem dantes sonum,
> Qui ditarunt Middletonum. p. 66.

This allusion could be strictly applicable, only in the early stage of the project for conveying the stream from Amwell to London, undertaken by Sir Hugh Middleton in 1613, when riches were doubtless expected from it; but not afterwards, when it had exhausted his wealth, unless ironically. The allusion at any rate shows, that the undertaking was recent.

On passing through Wansforth Briggs, Barnaby mentions an inscription, common in the early part of the seventeenth century, on account of the plague which then frequently infested different parts of England.

Sed scribentem digitum Dei
Spectans " Miserere mei,"
Atriis, angulis confestim,
Evitandi curâ pestem,
Fugi. p. 76.

He observes that Pomfret had been a place very sinister to English princes*,

Veni Pomfret, ubi miram
Arcem, Anglis regibus diram. p. 90.

and is so filled with the idea, as to continue the observation in a note, with a sort of prediction of the fate of S——.

Regibus Anglorum dedit arx tua dira ruinam,
Hoc titulo fatum cerne S . . . . . ,, tuum.
ibid.

If this S—— is rendered Stuarte, for which it seems to be meant, it will fix the date of Barnaby's travelling or writing to the period of the civil wars.

* Richard II. and two of Edward the Fifth's uncles, were murdered in Pomfret (Pontefract) Castle.

Barnaby mentions a Piper, who recovered his vital functions after being hanged at York; calling himself a witness to the truth of this extraordinary incident, which happened in the year 1634. The story is thus told in Gent's History of York, 1730. p. 223.

"This year (1634) one John Bartendale was executed at York gallows for felony. When he had hung three quarters of an hour, he was cut down and buried near the place of execution. A little after, a gentleman, of the ancient family of the Vavasours, of Hesselwood, riding by, thought he saw the earth move; upon which, ordering his man to alight, and alighting himself, both of them charitably assisted to throw by the mould, and to help the buried convict from his grave; who, being conveyed again to York Castle, was, by the same gentleman's intercession, reprieved till the next assizes, and then pardoned by the Judge, who seemed amazed at so signal a providence. And this

puts me in mind, that the said Bartendale was a piper, taken notice of by Barnaby, in his book of travels into the northern parts.

"I have been told the poor fellow turned hostler, and lived very honestly afterwards. Having been demanded, what he could tell in relation to hanging, as having experienced it, he replied, "That when he was turned off flashes of fire seemed to dart from his eyes, from which he fell into a state of darkness and insensibility, &c. &c."

Barnaby tells us, of his giving alms to a beggar at Harrington.

Harringtoni dedi nummum. p. 72.

A Harrington was a town piece, tradesman's token, or other small coin, current in the early part of the seventeenth century. It is frequently mentioned by Ben Jonson, as in the Devil is an Ass—"I will not bate a Harrington o'the sum."

This, after much labour of investigation,

which it would wear the appearance of affectation to detail, is all we have discovered concerning the singular performance which has for its adumbrated author, Barnaby Harrington; and for a great part of this we are under obligations to literary persons, whose readiness of communication claims our best acknowledgments, while their eminence forbids us to name them on an occasion which might be deemed too trivial. Further notices of the author may possibly exist in books, out of the common track of reading; and we solicit the favour of information, addressed to the publisher, from those who may be able to communicate any towards bringing him to light.

Barnaby Harrington, whoever he was, is entitled to the kindness of the world, for the entertainment he affords. His humour, his gaiety, and his learning, give him no mean rank amongst authors.

It has been observed, that poetry is not a

little indebted to geography and topography; which, besides numerous incidental descriptions, have furnished materials for many entire poems. Ausonius has employed his muse to celebrate the considerable towns of his country. Rutilius has left an elegant itinerary in verse, of which we regret the mutilation. Drayton has voluminously versified the whole topography of the British Island. Regnard has narrated in alternations of prose and rhime, a Journey to Provence; a very pleasing effusion of spriteliness. Gay has exercised his humourous and poetical vein in the detail of a Journey to Exeter: and Prior has displayed his facetious talent in the recital of his Excursion to Down. Barnaby Harrington, in the relation of his Travels, is inferior to none in vivacity, in wit, or in erudition. Many ingenious and learned allusions are interspersed. If he lived as a drunkard, he thought at least as a scholar. He shows himself acquainted with the his-

tory, antiquities, and customs of every place he visits; and exhibits so much acuteness of remark, and keenness of satire, that he is evidently, sub personâ, a drunkard merely in masquerade.

It would be a great injustice to Barnaby, to form any estimate of his merits from the English version, which is upon the whole unworthy of the Latin text, though it has some passages that give pleasure. From the disparity of the Latin and English, we are inclined to believe that Barnaby had no share in the composition of the latter; which, yet we dare not venture to assert; recollecting that the English verse of May is justly condemned to oblivion for its meanness, ruggedness, and obscurity, while he shines a poet of supreme excellence in Latin. It is observable, that the English version of the original edition of Barnaby, differs in various places from the subsequent editions.

The first edition of this work contained a

frontispiece only; a plate was added in the second edition, and in the third edition of 1723, four plates were introduced; but as none of these are materially connected with the work, nor possess any particular merit, either of design or execution, they have been superseded by seven new vignettes.

April, 1805.

The rapid sale of a considerable impression of this Journal in the short period of a few weeks, affords the editor an opportunity of presenting a new edition, improved by collation with the earlier copies.

September, 1805.

BARNABÆ ITINERARIUM,

MIRTILI ET FAUSTULI

NOMINIBUS INSIGNITUM:

VIATORIS SOLATIO NUPERRIME EDITUM, ARTISSIMIS NUMERIS REDACTUM, VETERIQUE TONO BARNABÆ PUBLICE DECANTATUM.

AUTHORE CORYMBÆO.

EFFICIT EGREGIOS NOBILIS ALLA VIROS.

LONDINI:

IMPENSIS AB ANNO 1716.

LOYAL PHEANDER

TO HIS

ROYAL ALEXANDER.

The title, noble friend, of Ale-xander,
Were it nought else, implies a great commander:
And so you shall be still of me and mine,
With Barnaby couch'd in a reeling rhime:
Nor wonder, friend, if his dimensions reel,
Whose head makes such iambicks with his heel.

AD

VIATOREM.

Oppida dum peragras, peragrando Poemata spectes,
Spectando titubes, Barnabe, nomen habes.

TO THE

TRAVELLER.

Towns while thou walk'st
And see'st this poetry,
And seeing, stumblest,
Thou art Barnaby.

AD

TRANSLATOREM.

Pessimus est Cerdo, qui transtulit ordine calvo,
Non res sed voces percutiendo leves,
At hic Translator corii peramabilis Actor,
Qui rythmo pollens fit ratione satur.

TO THE

TRANSLATOR.

That paltry patcher is a bald translator,
Whose awl bores at the words but not the matter:
But this Translator makes good use of leather,
By stitching rhime and reason both together.

AD PHILOXENUM.

Te viatores lepidi patronum,
Te tuæ dicunt patriæ coronam,
Vatis et vitis roseæ corymbum,
Artis alumnum.
Te tuus Vates lyricis salutat
Qui fidem nulla novitate mutat,
Nec nova venti levitate nutat,
Fidus ad aras.

EDITOR LECTORI.

(Prefixed to the Edition of 1716.)

QUUM primum reperi libellum hunc lepidissimum legendo gaudebam, quod & tu facies cum legeris nullus dubito. Editum inveni absq; æra, absq; nomine vel Authoris, vel Bibliopolæ, vel Typographi, aut ullo alio indicio possessorem ullum indicante; ergo statui mei juris esse, inq; lucem emisi. De Authore quod certum est subjiciam: Ab amico meo doctissimo nunc præsule intellexi Authorem Barnabam Harrington fuisse ante multos annos (forte nonaginta aut centum) vel Socium, vel Artium Magistrum, aut saltem Membrum Collegii Reginensis apud Oxonienses, quod innuit etiam Authore sæpius. Natus erat, ut ait ipse, Aballabæ Westmarorum inter Septentriones ex antiqua

stirpe, prole ibi adhuc manente. Hic est famosissimus ille de quo decantatum illud et tritum apud vulgus cantillatur.

Hey Barnaby! take't for a warning,
Be no more drunk nor dry in a morning.

De libro nulla est necessitas addendi quidquam; facile perleges, et perlecto judicabis. De Versu, de Metro, de Erroribus neq; est quod addam, ipse enim Autor satis ludicre in Errata libro præfixa seipsum vindicavit, quum ait,

Quid si sedem muto sede?
Quid si Carmen claudo pede?
Quid si noctem sensi diem?
Quid si veprem esse viam?
Sat est, Verbum declinavi,
"Titubo, titubas, titubavi."

Vale et ride affatim, Lector.

THE

PREFACE TO THE READER.

(Prefixed to the Edition of 1723.)

It will not, I hope, be thought unnecessary, if I lay before the reader my reason for republishing this facetious little book, after a delitescency of near a hundred years. Being desired by a gentlewoman to look over a parcel of old books, among 'em I chanc'd upon Drunken Barnaby, which, reading, gave me satisfaction for my trouble; whereupon I took a resolution to publish it, that others might therewith be pleased as well as myself. What I can gather of the author is chiefly from himself; for he says, coming to a place called Harrington, he was well pleased with the omen, and spent some money there for namesake, so that I conclude his name was Barnaby Harrington. He further says, that

after a tedious journey of about six miles a day, and sometimes three or four, (very weary, and heavy laden) he at last arrived at Appleby in Westmoreland, where he was born; and where, if I mistake not, there are some remains of the family still living. That he was a Graduate in Queen's College, Oxon, is plain, but I have not had an opportunity of knowing what degrees he took. 'Tis the man, no doubt, of whom the song says,

Hey Barnaby! take't for a warning, &c.

He says, he afterwards (after four journeys backward and forward) married in the country, turned farmer, and frequented the horse fairs all round the country, buying horses when cheap, and (like a true jockey) selling them when dear, upon which he is very pleasant. I thought fit to say thus much, and more I have not, only wish the Reader pleas'd, as I was.

THE

INDEX OF THIS WORK.

Vulcan, grape, Venus,
Bottle, Silen's hook,
Have all explained
The title of this book.
Thus through vast desarts,
Promontories wild,
Parnassus love draws
Bacchus' only child.

BARNABÆ HARRINGTONI

ET NUNC ET DUDUM DECANTATI

ITINERARIUM BOREUM

QUATER RETROVERSUS.

PARS PRIMA.

Mirtillus et Faustulus Interlocutores.

Mir. O Faustule! tende palmam,
Accipe calicem vitibus almam;
Tunc vinctus es dolore?
Uvæ tinctus sis colore.
Sperne opes, sperne dapes,
Merge curas, rectè sapis.
O Faustule, dic amico
Quo in loco, quo in vico,

THE FAMOUS

BARNABY HARRINGTON'S

TRAVELS TO THE NORTH

FOUR TIMES BACKWARD AND FORWARD.

PART THE FIRST.

Mirtillus and Faustulus, a Dialogue.

Mir. O Faustulus! stretch thy hand out,
Take thy liquor, do not stand out;
Art thou 'prest with griping dolour?
Let the grape give thee her colour.
Bread's a binder, wealth's a miser,
Drink down care, and thou art wiser.
Little Faustus, tell thy true heart,
In what region, coast, or new part,

Sive campo, sive tecto,
Sine linteo, sine lecto,
Propinasti, queis tabernis,
An in terris, an avernis?
Faustul. O Mirtile! baculum fixi
Mille locis ubi vixi,
In pistrinis, in popinis,
In coquinis, in culinis,
Huc, et illuc, istic, ibi,
Hausi potus, plus quam cibi.
In progressu boreali,
Ut processi ab australi,
Veni Banbury, O profanum!
Ubi vidi Puritanum,
Felem facientem furem,
Quia Sabbatho stravit murem.
Veni Oxford, cui comes
Est Minerva, fons Platonis;
Unde scatent peramœne
Aganippe, Hippocrene;
Totum fit Atheniense,
Imo Coran Reginense.

Field or fold, thou hast been housing,
Without linen, bedding, housing;
In what tavern, pray thee, show us,
Here on earth, or else below us?

Faustul. O Mirtilus! I will show thee
Thousand places since I saw thee,
In the kidcoat I had switching,
In the taphouse, cookshop, kitchen;
This way, that way, each way shrank I,
Little eat I, deeply drank I.

In my progress travelling northward,
Taking farewell of the southward,
To Banbury came I, O prophane one!
Where I saw a Puritane one
Hanging of his cat on Monday,
For killing of a mouse on Sunday.

To Oxford came I, whose Copesmate
Is Minerva, Well of Plato;
From whose seat do stream most seemly,
Aganippe, Hippocrene, and
Each thing there's the Muse's minion,
Queen's College-Horn speaks pure Atheniam.

Inde Godstów, cum amicis,
Vidi tumbam meretricis;
Rosamundam tegit humus,
Pulvis et umbra corpore sumus;
Sic qui teget quis tegetur,
Ordine certo sepelietur.
Inde Woodstock, quo spectandum
Labyrinthum memorandum
Ferunt; sed spectare nollem,
Reperi vivam hospitem mollem;
Gratior sociis est jucundis
Mille mortuis Rosamundis.
Veni Brackley, ubi natus
Stirpe vili Magistratus,
Quem conspexi residentem,
Stramine tectum contegentem,
Et me vocans, 'Male agis,
'Bibe minus, ede magis.'
Veni Daintree cum puella,
Procerum celebre duello,
Ibi bibi in caupona,
Nota muliere bona,

Thence to Godstow, with my lovers,
Where a tomb a strumpet covers;
Rosamond lies there interr'd.
Flesh to dust and shades compar'd;
Lie he above, or lie she under,
To be buried is no wonder.

Thence to Woodstock I resorted,
Where a labyrinth's reported;
But of that no 'count I tender,
I found an Hostess, quick and slender:
And her guests more sweetly eyeing,
Than thousand Rosamonds a dying.

From thence to Brackley, as did beseem one,
The May'r I saw, a wond'rous mean one,
Sitting, thatching, and bestowing
On a windblown house a strawing;
On me call'd he, and did charm me,
'Drink less, eat more, I do warn thee.'

Thence to Daintree with my jewel,
Famous for a noble duel,
Where I drank, and took my common
In a taphouse with my woman:

Cum qua vixi semper idem,
Donec creta fregit fidem.

Veni Leicester ad Campanam,
Ubi mentem læsi sanam.
Prima nocte mille modis
Flagellarunt me custodes,
Pelle sparsi sunt livores
Meos castigare mores.

Veni Gotham, ubi multos
Si non omnes vidi stultos,
Nam scrutando reperi unam
Salientem contra lunam,
Alteram nitidam puellam
Offerentem porco sellam.

Veni Nottingham *, trimes
Sherwoodenses sunt latrones,
Instar Robin Hood, et servi
Scarlet et Joannis Parvi,
Passim, sparsim peculantur,
Cellis, sylvis depræ dantur.

* Mortimeriados morti dos, gloria pulvis,
Atria sunt frondes, nobilis aula seges.

While I had it, there I paid it,
Till long chalking broke my credit.
Thence I came to the Bell at Leicester,
Where my brains did need a plaister;
First night that I was admitted
By the watchmen I was whipped,
Black and blue, like any tetter,
Beat I was to make me better.
Thence to Gotham, where, sure am I,
Though not all fools, I saw many;
Here a she-gull found I prancing,
And in moonshine nimbly dancing:
There another wanton madling,
Who her hog was set a sadling.
Thence to Nottingham *, where rovers,
Highway riders, Sherwood drovers,
Like old Robin Hood, and Scarlet,
Or like little John, his varlet;
Here and there they show them doughty,
In cells and woods to get their booty.

* Brave Mortimer's now dead, his glory dust,
His courts are clad with grass, his hall with rust,

Veni Mansfield, ubi noram
Mulierculam decoram,
Cum qua nudum feci pactum:
Dedi ictum, egi actum;
Sed pregnantem timens illam,
Sprevi villam et ancillam.
Veni Overbowles *, ubi Dani
Habitarunt tempore Jani;
Patet oppidanus callis
Circumcirca clausus vallis,
Castris, claustris, et speluncis
Tectus cœcis, tectus juncis.

Nunc gradus anfractus, cisterna fluenta spadonis,
Amplexus vermes, oscula mista rogis.
Clamat tempus, Edo; vocemque repercutit Echo;
Sed nunquam redeo, voce resurgit, ego.
O vos heroes! attendite fata sepulchris
Heroum, patriis qui rediere thoris!
Non estis luti melioris in orbe superbis;
Hi didicere mori, discite morte sequi.

* Temporibus Jani sedes fuit ultima Dani,
Conspicuis vallis obsita, fixa palis.

Thence to Mansfield, where I knew one,
That was comely and a true one,
With her a naked compact made I,
Her long-lov'd I, with her laid I;
Town and her I left, being doubtful
Lest my love had made her fruitful.
Thence to Overbowles *, where Danus
Dwelt with's Danes in time of Janus;
Way to th' town is well dispos'd,
All about with trenches clos'd;
Pallisadoes hid with bushes,
Rampires overgrown with rushes.

His stairs steep steps, his horse troughs cisterns are
Worms his embraces, kisses ashes share.
Time cries, I eat, and Echo answers it:
But gone, ne'er to return, is held unfit.
O heroes! of these heroes take a view;
They're to their fathers gone, and so must you!
Of better clay you are not than these men,
And they are dead, and you must follow them.

* In Janus time was Danus seated here,
As by their pales and trenches may appear.

Sacra die eò veni,
Ædes sanctæ erant plenæ,
Quorum peritus exemplo,
Quia Hospes erat templo,
Intrans vidi Sacerdotem,
Igne fatuo poculis notum.
Glires erant incolæ villæ,
Iste clamat, dormiunt illi;
Ipse tamen vixit ita,
Si non corde veste trita;
Fortem præ se ferens gestum,
Fregit pedibus suggestum*.
Qua occasione nacta,
Tota grex expergefacta †,
Sacerdote derelicto,
Tabulis fractis graviter icto,
Pransum redeunt; unus horum,
Plebem sequor non Pastorem.

* Fragmina suggesti sacrarunt fercula festi.
LUCRET.

† O cives, cives, sacris attendite rivis,
Præceptor legerit, vos vero negligitis.

On a feast day I came thither,
When good people flock'd together,
Where (induc'd by Host's example)
I repair'd unto the temple,
Where I heard the preacher gravely,
With his nose pot-tip'd most bravely.

Dormice like the people seem'd,
Though he cried, they sleeping dream'd;
For his life, though there was harm in't,
Heart was less rent than his garment;
With his feet he did so thunder,
That the pulpit* fell asunder.

Which occasion having gotten
All awake†, the pulpit broken,
While the Preacher lay sore wounded,
With more boards than beards surrounded;
All to dinner, who might faster,
And among them I left Pastor.

* The fragments of which pulpit they were pleas'd
To sacrifice to th' ashes of their feast. LUCRET.

† Pray you, good townsmen, sacred springs affect,
Let not your preacher read, and you neglect.

Veni Clowne, ubi vellem
Pro liquore dare pellem;
Ibi cerebro inani
Vidi conjugem Vulcani,
Quæ me hospitem tractat bene
Donec restat nil crumenæ.
Veni Roth'ram usque Taurum,
Et reliqui ibi aurum;
Diu steti; sed in pontem
Titubando fregi frontem,
Quo pudore pulsus, docte
Clam putabam ire nocte.
Veni Doncaster, ubi sitam
Vidi levem et Levitam,
Quæ vieta et vetusta,
Parum pulchra aut venusta,
Cupit tamen penetrari,
Pingi, pungi, osculari.
Veni Aberford *, ubi notum
Quod aciculis emunt potum,

* Eo tempore, quo in hoc pauperiore vico hospitium suscepimus, quidam Aciculorius, è grege præ cæteris fama

Thence to Clowne I came the quicker,
Where I'd given my skin for liquor;
None was there to entertain us,
But a noggin of Vulcanus;
Who afforded welcome plenty,
Till my seamrent purse grew empty.
Thence to th' Bull at Roth'ram came I,
Where my gold, if I had any,
Left I, long I stoutly roared,
Till o'th' bridge I broke my forehead,
Whence ashamed, while brows smarted,
I by night-time thence departed.
Thence to Doncaster, who'll believe it?
Both a light one and a Levite
There I viewed; too, too aged,
Yet to love so far engaged,
That on earth she only wished
To be painted, pricked, kissed.
Thence to Aberford *, whose beginning
Came from buying drink with pinning:

* At such time as we sojourned in this poor village, it chanced that a certain Pinner, and one of the choicest of

Pauperes sunt et indigentes,
Multum tamen sitientes;
Parum habent, nec habentur
Ulla, quæ non tenet venter,
Veni Wetherby *, ubi vinum
Clari ducis meretricem,
Amplexurus, porta strepit,
Et strependo dux me cepit;
Ut me cepit, aurem vellit,
Et præcipitem foris pellit.
Hinc diverso cursu, sero
Quoc audissem de Pindero

egregius, aciculari pulvere suffocatus, interiit: in cujus memoriam hoc inscriptum compositum epitaphium.

——— O Mors crudelis!
Quæ tuis telis
Artificem stravisti,
Qui meliorem
Erasit pulverem
Quam tu de eo fecisti.

* In corneolo angiportu,
Sub amœnore horto,
Speciosa manet scorta,
Meretricia procans sporta.

Poor they are, and very needy,
Yet of liquor too, too greedy:
Had they never so much plenty,
Belly'd make their purses empty.

Thence to Wetherby †, where an apt one
To be Tweake unto a captain
I embraced, as I had got it,
Door creak'd, captain took me at it:
Took me, and by th' ears he drew me,
Till headlong, down stairs he threw me.

Turning thence, none cou'd me hinder,
To salute the Wakefield Pindar;

all his flock, being choked with pin dust, died; to whose memory we find this epitaph recorded:

——— O cruel Death!
To rob this man of breath,
Who, while he liv'd, in scraping of a pin,
Made better dust than thou hast made of him.

† Near Horn Alley, in a garden,
A wench more wanton than Kate Arden
Sojourns; one that scorns a waistcoat,
Wooing clients with her basket.

Wakefeeldensi, gloria mundi,
Ubi socii sunt jucundi,
Mecum statui peregrare
Georgii fustem visitare.
Veni Wakefeeld peramænum,
Ubi quærens Georgium Grenum,
Non inveni, sed in lignum
Fixum reperi Georgii signum,
Ubi allam bibi feram,
Donec Georgio fortior eram.
Veni Bradford; cessi foris
In familiam amoris;
Amant ista et amantur,
Crescunt et multiplicantur;
Spiritus instructi armis,
Nocte colunt opera carnis,
Veni Kighley, ubi montes
Miniantes, vivi fontes,
Ardui colles, aridæ valles,
Læti tamen sunt sodales,
Festivantes et jucundi,
Ac si domini essent mundi.

Who indeed is the world's glory,
With his comrades never sorry;
This was the cause, lest you should miss it,
George's club I meant to visit.

Straight at Wakefield I was seen a,
Where I sought for George a Green a;
But cou'd find no such creature,
Yet on a sign I saw his feature;
Where the strength of ale so stirr'd me,
That I grew stouter far than Geordie.

Thence to Bradford, where I enter'd,
In family where love oft centred:
They love, are lov'd, and make no show,
Yet still grow, and do encrease too:
Furnish'd with their sprightly weapons,
She-flesh feels clerks are no capons.

Thence to Kighley, where are mountains
Steepy threat'ning, lively fountains;
Rising hills, and barren vallies,
Yet bon socios and good fellows;
Jovial, jocund, jolly bowlers,
As they were the world's controllers.

Veni Giggleswick; parum frugis
Profert tellus clausa jugis;
Ibi vena* prope viæ
Fluit, refluit, nocte, die,
Neque nôrunt undè vena,
An à sale vel arena.
Veni Clapham; unus horum
Qui accivit voce forum,
Prima hora ut me visit,
Mihi halecem promisit;
Halecem mihi, calicem ei,
Pignus in amoris mei.
Veni Ingleton †, ubi degi
Donec Fabri caput fregi;
Quo peracto, in me ruunt
Mulieres; saxa pluunt:
Queis perculsus, timens lædi,
His posteriora dedi.

* E gremio collis saliens scatet unda perennis,
Quæ fluit et refluit; nil tamen æstus habet.

† Pirgus inest fano, fanum sub acumine collis,
Collis ab elatis actus et auctus aquis.

Thence to Giggleswick most steril,
Hemm'd with rocks and shelves of peril:
Near to th' way as traveller goeth,
A fresh spring* both ebbs and floweth;
Neither know the learn'd that travel,
What procures it, salt or gravel.

Thence to Clapham, drawing nigher,
He that was a common cryer
To a breakfast of an herring
Did invite me first appearing.
Herring he, I drink bestow'd,
Pledges of the love we ow'd.

Thence to Ingleton, where I liv'd†,
Till I broke a blacksmith's head;
Which done, women rushed in on me,
Stones like hail showered down upon me;
Whence astonished, fearing harming,
Leave I took, but gave no warning.

* Near th' bottom of this hill, close by the way,
A fresh spring ebbs and flows all hours o'th' day.

† The poor man's box is in the temple set,
Church under hill, the hill by waters beat.

Veni Lonesdale, ubi cernam
Aulam factam in tabernam;
Nitidæ portæ nivei muri,
Cyathi pleni, paucæ curæ;
Edunt, bibunt, ludunt, rident,
Cura dignum nihil vident.
Veni Cowbrow (Vaccæ collum),
Ubi hospitem tetigi mollem,
Pingui ventre, læto vultu;
Tremulo cursu, trepido cultu,
Uti bibula titubat vates,
Donec cecidit supra nates.
Veni Natland; eo ventus,
Eboraci qui contemptus
Colligit, hospitium dedit,
Mecum bibit, mecum edit,
Semipotus, sicut usi,
Circa Maypole plebe lusi.
Veni Kirkland, veni Kendall,
Omnia hausi (vulgo, spend all),
Nocte, die, peramicè
Bibi potum mistum pice.

Thence to Lonesdale, where I view'd
An hall, which like a tavern show'd;
Neat gates, white walls, nought was sparing,
Pots brimfull, no thought of caring:
They eat, drink, laugh, are still mirth making,
Nought they see that's worth care taking.

Thence to Cowbrow, truth I'll tell ye,
Mine Hostess had a supple belly,
Body plump, and count'nance cheerful,
Reeling pace (a welcome fearful),
Like a drunken hag she stumbled,
Till she on her buttocks tumbled.

Thence to Natland, being come thither,
He who York's contempts did gather,
Gave me harbour; light as feather,
We both drank and eat together,
Till half tipsy, as it chanced,
We about the maypole danced.

Thence to Kirkland, thence to Kendall,
I did that which men call spend all:
Night and day, with sociates many,
I drank ale both thick and clammy.

'Tege caput, tende manum,
'Manu caput fit insanum.'
His relictis, Staveley vidi,
Ubi tota nocte bibi,
Semper lepidus, semper lætus,
Inter hilares vixi cœtus,
Queis jurando sum mansurus,
Donec Barnaba rediturus.

FINIS PARTIS PRIMÆ.

'Shroud thy head boy, stretch thy hand too,
'Hand has done what head can't stand to.'
Leaving these, to Staveley came I,
Where now all night drinking am I,
Always frolick, free from yellows,
With a consort of good fellows
Where I'll stay, and end my journey,
Till brave Barnaby return a.

IN

BACCHI THYRSUM

ET

BARNABÆ NASUM;

EPIGRAMMA:

ALIAS

NASUTUM DILEMMA.

Hædera læta bono non est suspensa falerno,
Thyrsus enim Bacchi, Barnabæ nasus erit.
Non opus est thyrso, non fronde virent cupressi,
Si non thyrsus erit, Barnabæ nasus olet.

COROLLARIUM.

Non thyrsus, thyasus; cyathus tibi thyrsus et ursus,
Thyrsus quo redoles ursus ut intus oles.

UPON

BACCHUS'S BUSH

AND

BARNABY'S NOSE;

AN EPIGRAM:

OR THE

LONGSNOUTED DILEMMA.

Good wine no bush doth need, as I suppose,
Let Bacchus bush be Barnaby's rich nose.
No bush, no garland needs of cyprus green,
Barnaby's nose may for a bush be seen.

COROLLARY.

No bush no garland; pot's thy bush and bear:
Of bear and bush thou smellest all the year.

BARNABÆ ITINERARIUM.

PARS II.

FŒCUNDI CALICES QUEM NON FECERE DISERTUM ?

Mir. Fauste (Faustule) rediisti;
Narra (precor) quo venisti;
Villos, vicos, visitasti,
Cœtus, sitûs, peragrasti?
Certe scis, ab aquilone
Multum mali, parum boni.

Pa. 5.

BARNABY'S JOURNAL.

O'ERFLOWING CUPS WHOM HAVE THEY NOT MADE LEARNED?

PART II.

Mir. Young Fauste happily returned;
Tell me, prithee, where'st sojourned;
What towns, villages, thou'st viewed,
What seats, sites, or states, were showed?
Sure thou know'st the North's uncivil,
Small good comes thence, but much evil

Faustul. Ille ego sum qui quondam;
Crines, mores, vestes nondum
Sunt mutatæ; nam recessi
Calceamentis queis discessi,
Neque pectine usus fui,
Sic me meis juvat frui.
Sed arrectis auribus audi,
Quid dilexi, quicquid odi,
Pontes*, fontes, montes, valles,
Caulas, cellas, colles, calles,
Vias, villas, vicos, vices,
Castas, cautas, meretrices.
Dicam (quod mirandum) verum,
Non pauperior sum quam eram,
Uno nec quadrante ditior,
Lautior, lætior, nec felicior,
Mollior, melior, potior, pejor,
Minus sanus, magis æger.
Ego enim mundum totum
Tanti esse quanti potum

* Anglia, mons, fons, pons, ecclesia, fœmina, lana.

Faustul. What I was once, same I am now;
Hair, conditions, garments, same too;
Yea, there's no man justly doubteth,
These the same shoes I went out with:
And for comb I ne'er us'd any,
Lest I lost some of my money.
But attend me, and partake it,
What I loved, what I hated;
Bridges*, fountains, mountains, vallies,
Huts, cells, hillocks, highways, shallows,
Paths, towns, villages, and trenches;
Chaste, choice, chary, merry wenches.
Truth I'll tell thee, nothing surer,
Richer am I not, nor poorer;
Gladder, madder, nor more pleasing,
Blither, brisker, more in season;
Better, worser, thinner, thicker,
Neither healthfuller nor sicker.
For the world, I so far prize it,
But for liquor I'd despise it:

* England, amongst all nations, is most full
Of hills, wells, bridges, churches, women, wool.

Semper duxi : mori mallem
Nobilem quam vitare allam :
Sobrius, similis apparet agno ;
Ebrius, Alexandro Magno.
Leviore nam mæandro
Capite capto, sum Lysandro
Multo fortior, et illæsum
Puto me capturum Rhesum :
Sed ne tibi gravior essem,
Nunc descendam ad Progressum.
Primò occurrit peragranti
Oppidum* Johannis Ganti,
Sedes nota et vetusta,
Mendicantibus onusta,
Janitorem habens qualem
Mundus vix ostendet talem.
Veni Ashton, ubi vinum,
Militem et heroinam,
Clarum, charum, et formosam,
Damam, domum speciosam

* Scinditur à clivo turris, bitumine murus ;
Mœnia sic propriis sunt reditura rogis.

Thousand deaths I'd rather die too,
Than hold ale mine enemy too:
Sober, lamblike do I wander;
Drunk, I'm stout as Alexander.
When my head feels its meander,
I am stronger than Lysander:
Th' Isle of Ree, I little fear it,
Without wound to win and wear it:
But lest tedious I express me,
To my Progress I'll address me.
First place where I first was known a,
Was brave John à Gant's old town a*:
A seat anciently renowned,
But with store of beggars drowned;
For a gaoler ripe and mellow,
The world has not such a fellow.
Thence to Ashton, good as may be
Was the wine, brave knight, bright lady;
All I saw was comely, specious,
Seemly gracious, neatly precious;

* An ancient arch doth threaten a decline,
And so must strongest piles give way to time.

Vidi; nierni mero museum,
Donec pes amisit usum.
Veni Garstang, ubi malè
Intrans forum bestiale,
Forte vacillando vico
Huc et illuc cum amico,
In juvencæ dorsum mi
Cujus cornu læsus fui.
Veni Preston; doctus eram
Ad bacchantem Banisterum
Ac si una stirpe nati,
Fratres fuimus jurati;
Septem dies ibi mansi,
Multum bibi, nunquam pransi.
Veni Euston, ubi hospes
Succi plena, corpore scopes,
Crine sparso, vultu blando,
At halitu (prob) nefando,
Qua relicta cum ancillis,
Me ad lectum duxit Phillis.
Veni Wigan prope cœnam,
Ad hospitulam obscœnam;

My Muse with Bacchus so long traded,
When I walk'd, my legs denyd it.
Thence to Garstang, pray you hearke it,
Ent'ring there a great beast market,
As I jogged on the street a,
'Twas my fortune for to meet a
A young heifer, who before her
Took me up, and threw me o'er her.
Thence to Preston, I was led a,
To brave Banister's to bed a;
As two born and bred together,
We were presently sworn brether:
Seven days were there assigned,
Oft I supp'd, but never dined.
Thence to Euston, where mine hostess
Feels as soft as any toast is:
Juicy, lusty, count'nance toothsome;
Braided hair, but breath most loathsome;
Her I left with locks of amber;
Phyllis light me to my chamber.
Thence to Wigan about supper,
To an hostess, none more slutter.

Votis meis fit secunda,
Ebria fuit et jucunda;
Sparsit anus intellectum,
Me relicto, mingit lectum.
Veni Newton in Salictis,
Ubi ludens chartis pictis
Cum puella speciosa,
Cujus nomen erat Rosa*,
Centi-pede provocavi
Ad amandam quam amavi.
Veni Warrington, profluentes
Rivos ripas transeuntes
Spectans, multo satius ratus
Mergi terris quam in aquis,
Vixi laute, bibi læte,
Donec aquas signant metæ.
Veni Budworth, usque Gallum,
Ubi bibi fortem allam,

* Quam Rosa spiravit! sed odoribus aquilo flavit,
Et rugas retulit quas meminisse dolet.

Buxom was she, yet to see to,
She'd be drunk for company too;
Wit this beldame soon did scatter,
And in bed distill'd her water.

Thence to Newton in the Willows,
Where being bolster'd up with pillows,
I at cards play'd with a girl,
Rose * by name, a dainty pearl;
At Centy-foot I often moved
Her to love me, whom I loved.

Thence to Warrington, banks o'erflowed,
Travellers to the town were rowed;
Where supposing it much better
To be drown'd on land than water,
Sweetly, neatly I sojourned
Till that deluge thence returned.

Thence to Cock at Budworth, where I
Drank strong ale as brown as berry;

* Fresh was my Rose, till by a north wind toss'd,
She sap, scent, verdure, and her vigour lost.

Sed ebrietate captus,
Ire lectum sum coactus;
Mihi mirus affuit status,
A duobus sum portatus.
Sed amore captus grandi
Visitandi Thomam Gandi,
Holmi petii sacellum,
Ubi conjugem et puellam
Vidi pulchras; licet sero,
Has neglexi mersus mero.
Hinc ad Tauk-a-hill perventum,
Collem valde lutulentum,
Faber mihi bene notus
Mecum bibit donec potus,
Quo relicto, Cythera sponte
Cornua fixit Lemnia fronte.
Novo-Castro subter Linum,
Mulsum propinavi vinum;
Nullus ibi fit scelestus,
Vox clamantis in suggestis;
Portas castitatis frangunt,
Quas extincta luce tangunt.

Till at last with deep healths felled,
To my bed I was compelled:
I for state was bravely sorted,
By two porters well supported.
Where no sooner understand I
Of mine honest host Tom Gandi,
To Holm chapel forthwith set I,
Maid and hostess both were pretty,
But to drink took I affection,
I forgot soon their complexion.
Thence to Tauk-a-Hill resort I,
An hill steepy, slippery, dirty:
Smith with me being well acquainted,
Drank with me till's wits were tainted.
Having left me, Venus swore it,
She'd shoehorn her Vulcan's forehead.
At Newcastle under Line a,
There I trounc'd it in burnt wine a:
None o'th' wicked there remained,
Weekly lectures were proclaimed:
Chastity they roughly handle,
While blind Zeal snuffs out the candle.

Veni Stone ad Campanam,
Vidi Deliam* non Dianam;
Hic suspectam habens vitam
Pastor gregis, jesuitam
Me censebat, sed incertas
Nil invenit præter chartas.
Haywood properans malignam,
Nocte præparat aprugnam
Mihi hospes; sed quid restat?
Calices haurire præstat:
Nullum Baccho gratius libum,
Quam mutare potu cibum.
Veni Ridgelay, ubi faber,
Cui liquor summus labor,
Mecum bibit; nocte data
Mihi matula perforata,
Vasis crimine detecto,
Fit oceanus in lecto.
Veni Bruarton, Claudi domum,
Ubi querulum audiens sonum,

* O mellea mea Delia!

Thence to th' Bell at Stone strait draw I,
Delia*, no Diana saw I;
By the Parson I was cited,
Who held me for jesuited;
In his search, the door fast locked,
Nought but cards were in my pocket.
Thence to Haywood taking flight a,
Mine hostess gave me brawn at night a:
But, what's that unto the matter?
Whiskins sorted with my nature:
To brave Bacchus no gift quicker
Than meat changed to strong liquor.
Thence to Ridgelay, where a blacksmith,
Liquor being all he'd take with,
Bouzed with me; midnight waking,
And a looking glass there taking,
Chamberpot was hol'd quite thorow,
Which made me lie wet till the morrow.
Thence to Bruarton, old Claudus
Did approve us and applaud us;

* O my honeysuckle Delia!

Conjugem virum verberantem,
Et vicinum equitantem;
Quo peracto, frontem lini
Spuma bynes instar vini.
Inde Litchfield* properabam,
Ubi quendam invitabam
Perobscænum opibus plenum,
Ad sumendum mecum cœnam;
Hausto vino, acto cœna,
Solvit divitis crumena.
Veni Coleshill, ad macellum,
Ubi in cervisiam cellam
Forte ruens, cella sordet,
Uxor mulcet, ursa mordet;
Sed ut lanius fecit focum
Lectum, dereliqui locum.
Veni Meredin meri die,
Ubi longæ fessus viæ,
Hospitem in genu cepi,
Et ulterius furtim repi;

* Caudibus, arboribus, cinaris, frondentibus herbis,
Crevit in ecclesiam vallis opima tuam.

Where I heard a woful bleating,
A curs'd wife her husband beating:
Neighbour rode for his default a,
While I dy'd my front with malt a.
Thence to Litchfield* went I right on,
Where I chanced to invite one,
A curmudgeon rich, but nasty,
To a supper of a pasty:
Having sipp'd, and supp'd, and ended,
What I spent the miser lended.
Thence to Coleshill, to a shamble,
Like an old fox, did I ramble,
Down nasty cellar, wife inviting,
All while cursed bear was biting:
But the butcher having made
The fire his bed, no more I staid.
Thence to Meredin did steer I,
Where grown footsore, and sore weary,
I repos'd, where I chuck'd Joan a,
Felt her pulse, would further gone a:

* Enclos'd with cliffs, trees, grass, and artichokes,
The fruitful vale up to the temple looks.

Cum qua propinando mansi,
Donec sponsam sponsum sensi.
Veni Coventry, ubi dicunt
Quod cæruleum filum texunt;
Ego autem hoc ignoro,
Nullum enim emi forо,
Nec discrevi, juxta morem,
Lignum, lucem, nec colorem.
Veni Daneburh per latrones,
Ad lurcones et lenones;
Nullum tamen timui horum,
Nec latronem, nec liquorem;
Etsi dives metu satur,
Cantet vacuus viator.
Mane Daintry ut venissem,
Corculum quod reliquissem
Avide quærens per museum,
Desponsatam esse eam
Intellexi; qua audita,
'Vale, dixi, Proselyta.'
Veni Wedon, ubi varii
Omnis gentis tabellarii

There we drank, and no guest cross'd us,
Till I took host for th' hostess.
Thence to Coventry, where 'tis said a
Coventry blue is only made a;
This I know not, for sure am I,
In no market bought I any;
Bacchus made me such a scholar,
Black or blue I knew no colour.
Thence to Duncheroh, where report is
Of pimps and punks a great resort is;
But to me none such appeared,
Thief nor bunghole I ne'er feared:
Tho' the rich Chrone, have fears plenty,
Safe he sings whose purse is empty.
At Daintry early might you find me,
But not the wench I left behind me:
Near the schoolhouse where I housed,
Her I sought, but she was 'spoused;
Which I having heard that night a,
'Farewell, quoth I, Proselyta.'
Thence to Wedon, where I tarried
In a waggon to be carried;

Convenissent, demec mundus
Currit cerebro rotundus:
'Solvite sodales læti,
'Plus reliqui* quam accepi.'
Veni Tosseter die Martis,
Ubi baccalaureum artis
Bacchanalia celebrantem
Ut inveni tam constantem,
Feci me consortem festi
Tota nocte perhonesti.
Veni Stratford, ubi Gwenum
Procis procam, Veneris venam,
Nulla tamen forma jugis,
Verdor† oris perit rugis;
Flos ut viret semel aret,
Forma spreta procis caret.

* Nauseanti stomacho effluunt omnia.

† Vere fruor titulo, non sanguine, fronte, capillo
Nomine si virco, vere tamen pereo.

Carriers there are to be found a,
Who will drink till the world run round a:
'Pay, good fellows, I'll pay nought here,
'I have left more then I brought here*.'

Thence to Tossater on a Tuesday,
Where an artful bachelor choos'd I,
To consort with; we ne'er budged,
But to Bacchus' revels trudged:
All the nightlong sate we at it,
Till we both grew heavypated.

Thence to Stratford, where Frank Green a†,
Daintiest doe that e'er was seen a,
Venus varnish, me saluted,
But no beauty long can suit it;
Beauty feedeth, beauty fadeth,
Beauty lost, her wooer 'vadeth.

* My queasy stomach making bold
To give them that it could not hold.

† Green is my name, from him whom I obey,
But though my name be green, my head is grey.

Tenens cursum et decorum,
Brickhill, ubi Juniorem,
Veni, vidi, propter mentem
Unum octo sapientum;
Sonat vox ut Philomela,
Ardet nasus ut candela.
Hocklayhole ut accessissem,
Cellam Scyllam incidissem,
Antro similem Inferni,
Aut latibulo Lavernæ;
Ibi diu propinando,
Sævior eram quam Orlando.
Veni Dunstable, ubi mures
Intus reptant, extus fures;
Sed vacandum omni metu
Furum temulento cœtu,
Pars ingenii mansit nulla
Quam non tenuit ampulla.
Veni Redbourn, ubi mimi
Neque medii, neque primi:
Prologus hedera redimitus
Simiano gestu situs,

Holding on my journey longer,
Strait at Brickhill, with Tom Younger
I arriv'd; one, by this cheese a,
Stil'd the eighth wise man of Greece a,
Voice more sweet than Progne's sister,
Like a torch his nose doth glister.

To Hocklayhole as I approached,
Scylla's barmy cell I broached,
Dark as the cave of Pluto's station,
Or Laverna's habitation:
Quaffing there while I could stand o,
Madder grew I than Orlando.

Thence to Dunstable, all about me,
Mice within, and thieves without me;
But no fear affrights deep drinkers,
There I toss'd it with my skinkers:
Not a drop of wit remained
Which the bottle had not drained.

Thence to Redbourn, where were players,
None of Roscius active heirs:
Prologue crown'd with wreath of ivy,
Jetted like an ape most lively:

Convivalem* cecinit odem,
Heus tu corrige diploidem.
Illinc stomacho insani
Petii oppidum Albani†,
Ubi tantum fecit vinum,
Dirigentum ad Londinum
Manum manu cepi meâ,
Ac si socia esset ea.
Veni Barnet signo bursæ,
Ubi convenissent uni,
Propinquanti duo horum
Parum studiosi morum,
Subligacula dente petunt,
Quo posteriora fœtent.

* *Actor.* Dapes convivio, sapore vario.

Auctor. Diplois spatio lataque media.
Corrige diploidem egregie nebulo.

† Hic Albanus erat, tumulum, titulumq; reliquit;
Albion Albanum vix parit alma parem.

I told them sitting at the banquet*,
They should be canvass'd in a blanket.
From thence, with a stomach empty,
To the town of Albanet† went I,
Where with wine I was so undone,
As the hand which guides to London.
In my blind hand I received,
And her more acquaintance craved.
Thence to th' purse at Barnet known a,
There the bears were come to town a;
Two rude hunks, 'tis truth I tell ye,
Drawing near them, they did smell me;
And like two mishapen wretches,
Made me, ay me, wrong my breeches.

* *Actor.* Even as in a ban-a-quet are dish-es
of sundry ta-ast,

Author. Even so is thy doo-blet too long
i'th' wa-ast;
Go mend it, thou knave, go mend it.

† Here Alban was; his tomb, his title too;
'All Albion show me such an Alban now.'

Veni Highgate, quo prospexi
Urbem* perdite quam dilexi,
Hic tyronibus exosum
Hausi cornu tortuosum,
Ejus memorans salutem
Cujus caput fit cornutum.
Veni Holloway, Pileum rubrum,
In cohortem muliebrem,
Me Adonidem vocant omnes
Meretrices Babylonis;
Tangunt, tingunt, molliunt, mulcent,
At egentem foris pulsant.
Veni Islington ad Leonem,
Ubi spectans histrionem
Sociatum cum choraulis,
Dolis immiscentem sales,
Cytharæ repsi in vaginam,
Quod præstigiis dedit finem.

* Tot colles Romæ, quot sunt spectacula Trojæ,
Quæ septem numero, digna labore tuo
Ista manet Trojæ spectacula: 1. Busta, 2. Gigantes,
3. Histrio, 4. Dementes, 5. Struthiones, 6. Ursa, 7. Leones.

Thence to Highgate, whence I viewed
City * I so dearly loved,
And th' horn of matriculation
Drank to th' fresh men of our nation;
To his memory saluted
Whose branch'd head was last corniuted.
Thence to Holloway, Mother Redcap
In a troop of trulls I did hap;
Whores of Babylon me impulled,
And me their Adonis called;
With me toy'd they, buss'd me, cull'd me,
But being needy, out they pull'd me.
Thence to Islington at Lion,
Where a juggling I did spy one
Nimble with his mates consorting,
Mixing cheating with his sporting:
Creeping into th' case of's viol,
Spoil'd his juggling, made them fly all.

* Seven hills there were in Rome, and so there be
Seven sights in new Troy crave our memory:
1. Tombs, 2. Guild Hall Giants, 3. Stage plays, 4. Bedlam poor,
5. Ostrich, 6. Bear Garden, 7. Lions in the Tower.

Ægre jam relicto rure,
Securem Aldermannibury
Primo petii, qua exoso
Sentina, Holburni Rosa
Me excepit, ordine tali
Appuli Gryphem Veteris Baily;
Ubi experrectus lecto,
Tres Ciconias indies specto,
Quo victurus, donec æstas
Rure curas tollet mœstas;
Festus Faustulus et festivus,
Calice vividus, corpore vivus.
Ego etiam et sodales
Nunc Galerum Cardinalis
Visitantes, vi Minervæ
Bibimus ad Cornua cervi,
Sed Actæon anxius horum,
Luce separat uxorem.

Sub sigillo tubi fumantis
Et thyrsi flammantis,
Motu Mulciberi, naso-flagrantis.

Country left; I in a fury,
To the Axe in Aldermanbury
First arriv'd, that place slighted,
I at the Rose in Holborn lighted;
From the Rose in flaggons sail I
To the Griffin, th' old Bully,
Where no sooner do I waken
Than to Three Cranes I am taken;
Where I lodge, and am no starter
Till I see the summer quarter.
Pert is Faustulus, and pleasing,
Cup brim full, and corpse in season:
Yea, my merry mates and I too
Oft the Card'nal's Hat do fly to,
Where at Hart's-horns we carouse it,
As Minerva doth infuse it.
But Actæon, sick o'th' yellows,
Mews his wife up from good fellows.

Under th' sign of pipe still fuming,
And th' bush for ever flaming,
Mulciber the motion moving,
With nose-burning master shaming.

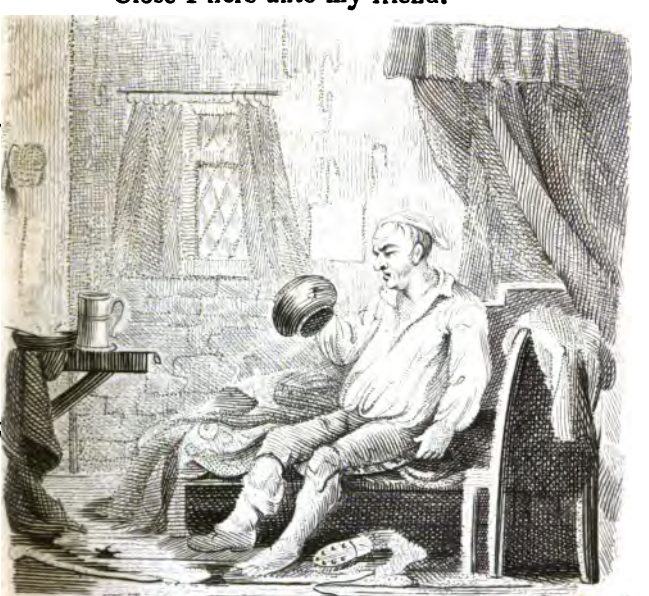
Officina juncta Baccho
Juvenilem fert tobacco,
'Uti libet,' tunc signata,
Quæ impressio nunc mutata,
'Uti fiet,' nota certa
Quæ delineatur charta.

Τέλος, sine telis non typis.

FINIS PARTIS SECUNDÆ.

A shop neighbouring near Iaccho,
Where Young vends his old tobacco:
'As you like it,' sometimes sealed,
Which impression since repealed;
'As you make it;' he will have it,
And in chart and front engrave it.

Harmless, but no artless end,
Close I here unto my friend.



IN ERRATA.

Inter accipitrem et buteonem,
Juxta phrasem percommunem,
Spectans ista typis data,
Hæc comperui errata;
Quæ si corrigas, candide lector,
Plena coronet pocula nectar.

A vertice ad calcem
Erratis admove falcem.
Errando, disco.

Jam Venus vinis reditura venis,
Jam Venus venis peritura plenis,
Nam Venus venis patitur serenis,
Nectare plenis.

UPON THE ERRATA.

Betwixt hawk and buzzard, O man,
After th' phrase of speech so common,
Having seen this journal at print,
I found these errata in't;
Which if thou correct, kind reader,
Nectar be thy muse's feeder.
From the head unto the foot,
Nought but error, look unto't.
This observation have I found most true;
Erring, I learn my errors to subdue.

Now Venus pure veins are with wines inflamed,
Now Venus full veins are by wine restrained:
For Venus swoln veins are by Morpheus chained,
From folly wained.

BARNABÆ ITINERARIUM.

PARS III.

INFLATUM HESTERNO VENAS, UT SEMPER, IACCHO.

Mirtil. Io Faustule! gratulantor
Qui te amant et amantur,
Te incolumem redituram
Spreta curia, pone curum,
Narra vias quas calcasti,
Queis spirasti, quas spectasti.
Ne Ephesios Diana
Fit celebriore fama;
Omnes omnia de te fingunt,
Statuam pictores pingunt;
Tolle metum, mitte moram,
Fac te clarum viatorem.

BARNABY'S JOURNAL.

PART III.

FULL-BLOWN MY VEINS ARE, AND SO WELL THEY MAY,
WITH BRIMMING HEALTHS OF WINE DRUNK YESTERDAY.

Mir. Whoup Faustulus! all draw nigh thee
That do love thee, or low'd ay thee,
Joying in thy safe returning!
Leave court care, and fruitless mourning:
Way th'st walked, prithee show it,
Where th'st lived, what hast' viewed.
Not th' Ephesian Diana
Is of more renowned fame a:
Acting wonders, all invent thee,
Painters in their statues paint thee;
Banish fear, remove delay man,
Show thyself a famous wayman.

Faustul. Mitte moram, tolle metum!
Quis me unquam minus lætum
Cum adversis agitatum,
Aut secundis tam inflatum
Vidit, ut mutando morem
Reddant me superbiorem?
Aspernarer ego mundum,
Nisi mundus me jucundum
Bonis sociis, radiis vitæ
Sociali tinctis siti
Celebraret; adi, audi,
Et progressu meo gaude.
Primo die satur vino
Veni Islington à Londino,
Iter arduum et grave,
Sero tamen superavi,
Acta vespertina scena.
Siccior eram quam arena.
Veni Kingsland, terram regis,
Speciosam cœtu gregis,
Equum ubi fatigantem,
Vix ulterius spatiantem,

Faustul. Leave delay, and be not fearful!
Why! who e'er saw me less cheerful?
When I was by Fortune cuffed,
Or by Fortune's smiles so puffed,
That I show'd myself far prouder
Than when she more scornful show'd her.
For the world, I would not prize her,
Yea, in time I should despise her,
Had she in her no good fellow,
That would drink till he grew mellow:
Draw near and hear, thou shalt have all,
Hearing, joy in this my travel.
First day, having drank with many,
To Islington from London came I,
Journey long, and grievous weather,
Yet the evening brought me thither;
Having ta'en my pots by the fire,
Summer sand was never dryer.
Thence to Kingsland, where were feeding
Cattle, sheep, and mares for breeding;
As I found it, there I feared
That my Rosinant was wearied:

Nec verberibus nec verbis
Motum, gelidis dedi herbis.
Veni Totnam Altam Crucem,
Quo discessi ante lucem;
Hospes sociis parum caret,
Nemo Faustulum spectaret;
Pratum stratum, et cubile
O piaculum! fit fœnile.
Ut reliqui Crucem Altam,
Lento cursu petii Waltham,
In hospitium Oswaldi,
Qui mi regiam Theobaldi*,
Monstrat domum, quo conspecto,
Hausi noctem sine lecto.
Veni Hodsdon, stabant foris
Chartis pictis impostores,

* *De augustissima Domo Theobaldi.*

O Domus augustæ radiantia limina nostræ!
An vestrum est mundi lumine clausa mori?
Regia quo sponsi pietas dedit oscula sponsæ,
Et spirare Sabæ vota suprema suæ!

When he would jog no faster,
Loose I turn'd him to the pasture;
Thence to Tottenham High Cross turning,
I departed 'fore next morning:
Hostess on her guests no doubted,
Faustulus was little noted:
To an hayloft I waddled in,
Boards my bed, and straw my bedding;
Having thus left High Cross early,
I to Waltham travelled fairly;
To the hospital of Oswaldo
And that princely seat of Theobald
There all night I drank old sack,
With my bed upon my back:
Thence to Hodsdon, where stood watching
Cheats who live by coney catching.

On the King's House at Theobalds.

This seat, this royal object of the sight,
Shall it for ever bid the world good night?
Where our preceding kings enjoy'd such bliss,
And seal'd their amorous fancies with a kiss?

Queis deceptis, notis cunis,
Ante Eirenarcham paris
Eos duxi, ut me videt,
Laudat eos, me deridet.
Veni Ware, ubi belli
Saltus, situs, et Amwelli
Amnes lenem dantes somnum,
Qui ditarunt Middlesexium:
Sunt spectati mane miti,
O si essent aqua vitæ.
Veni Wademill, ubi ritè
Pleno cyatho dempta siti,
Quidam clamitant jocosè,
Me spectantes otiose
Co-ementem hæc flagella,
'Ubi equus? ubi sella?'
Veni Puckeridge, eo ventum:
Mendicantes fere centum
Me præcingunt; dixi verum,
'Quod pauperior illis eram;'
Quo responso, mente una
Me relinquunt cum fortuna.

False cards brought me, with them play'd I,
Dear for their acquaintance paid I.
'Fore a Justice they appeared,
Them he praised, me he jeered.

Thence to Ware, where mazy Amwel
Mildly cuts the southern channel;
Rivers streaming, banks resounding,
Middleton with wealth abounding:
Mightily did these delight me;
O, I wished them aqua vitæ.

Thence to Wademill, where I rest me
For a pot, for I was thirsty;
On me cry'd they, and did hoot me,
And like beetles flock'd about me:
'Buy a whip, sir! No, a ladle!
Where's your horse, sir? where your saddle?'

Thence at Puckeridge I reposed,
Hundred beggars me inclosed:
'Beggars, quoth I, you are many,
'But the poorest of you am I;'
They no more did me importune,
Leaving me unto my fortune.

Veni Buntingford, ad senilem
Hospitem et juvenilem
Conjugem, quam scit affari
Placide, lepide osculari;
Area florida, frutice suavis,
Ubi minurizat avis.

Veni Royston, ibi reges,
Prata sata, nivem greges;
Ubi pedes pii regis;
Hinc evolvens Fati* leges,
Mihi dixi: Quid te pejus,
Ista legens, male deges?

Veni Caxston, paupere tecto,
Sed pauperiore lecto:
Quidam habent me suspectum,
Esse maculis infectum
Pestis, unde exui vestem,
Vocans hospitem in testem.

* Pascua, prata, canes, viridaria, flumina, saltus,
Otia regis erant, rege sed ista ruent.

Thence to Buntingford right trusty,
Bedrid host, but hostess lusty;
That can chat and chirp it neatly,
And in secret kiss you sweetly;
Here are arbours decked gaily,
Where the Buntin warbles daily.

Thence to Royston, where grass groweth,
Meads, flocks, fields, the ploughman soweth;
Where a pious Prince frequented,
Which observing, this I vented:
'Since all flesh to Fate's a debtor,
'Restless wretch, why is't no better?'

Thence to Caxton, I was let in
To a poor house, poorer bedding:
Some there were had me suspected,
That with plague I was infected;
So as I stark naked drew me,
Calling th' hostess strait to view me;

* Fields, floods, wastes, woods, deer, dogs, with well tun'd cry,
Are sports for kings, yet kings with these must die.

Veni Cambridge, prope Vitem,
Ubi Musæ satiant sitim ;
Sicut muscæ circa fimum,
Aut scintillæ in caminum,
Me clauserunt juxta murum,
Denegantes rediturum.
Media-nocte siccior essem
Ac si nunquam ebibissem,
Sed pudore parum motus,
Hinc discessi semi-potus :
Luci, loci paludosi,
Sed scholares speciosi.
Veni Godmanchester*, ubi
Ut Ixion captus nube,
Sic elusus à puella,
Cujus labra erant mella,
Lectum se adire vellet,
Spondet, sponsum sed fefellit.
Veni Huntington, ubi cella
Facto pacto cum puella,

* Quercus anilis erat, tamen eminus oppida spectat,
Stirpe viam monstrat, plumea fronde tegit.

Thence to Cambridge, where the Muses
Haunt the Vine bush, as their use is,
Like sparks up a chimney warming,
Or flies near a dunghill swarming:
In a ring they did inclose me,
Vowing they would never lose me.
'Bout midnight for drink I call, sir,
As I had drank nought at all, sir:
But all this did little shame me,
Tipsy went I, tipsy came I:
Grounds, greens, groves, are wet and homely,
But the scholars wondrous comely.
Thence to Godmanchester *, by one
With a cloud, as was Ixion,
Was I gull'd; she had no fellow,
Her soft lips were moist and mellow;
All night vow'd she to lie by me,
But the giglet came not nigh me.
Thence to Huntington, in a cellar,
With a wench was there a dweller;

* An aged oak takes of this town survey;
Finds birds their nests, tells passengers their way.

Hospes me suspectum habens,
Et in cellam tacite labens;
Quo audito, vertens rotam,
Pinxi memet perægrotum.
Veni Harrington, bonum omen!
Vere amans illud nomen,
Harringtoni dedi nummum,
Et fortunæ penè summum,
Indigenti postulanti,
Benedictionem danti.
Veni Stonegatehole nefandum,
Ubi contigit memorandum.
Quidam servus atturnati
Vultu pellicis delicatæ
Captus, intrat nemus mere,
Ut coiret muliere.
Mox è dumo latro repit,
Improvisum eum cepit,
Manticam vertit, mœchum vicit,
Et post herum nudum misit:
Manibus vinctis sellæ locat,
Hinnit equus, servus vocat.

I did bargain, but suspected
By the host, who her affected;
Down the stairs he hurried quickly,
While I made me too too sickly.
Thence to Harrington, be it spoken!
For name sake I gave a token
To a beggar that did crave it,
And as cheerfully receive it;
More he need not me importune,
For 'twas th' utmost of my fortune.
Thence to Stonegatehole, I'll tell here
Of a story that befel there;
One who served an attorney,
Ta'en with beauty in his journey,
Seeing a coppice, hastens thither,
Purposely to wanton with her.
As these privately conferred,
A rover took him unprepared,
Search'd his portmanteau, bound him faster,
And sent him naked to his master:
Set on's saddle with hands ty'd,
Th' horse he neighed, man he cry'd.

Cogitemus atturnatum
Suspicantem hunc armatum
Properantem deprædari,
Uti strenuè calcari:
Currit herus, metu teste,
Currit servus sine veste.
Psallens Sautry *, tumulum veni,
Sacerdotis locum pœnæ,
Ubi Rainsford jus fecisset,
Et pastorem condidisset:
Vidi, ridi, et avari
Rogo rogos sic tractari.
Veni ad Collegium puram,
Cujus habent multi curam;
Perhumanos narrant mores
Patres, fratres et sorores:
Unum tenent, una tendunt,
Omnes omnia sacris vendunt.

* Urna Sacellani viventis imago sepulti,
Quique aliis renuit busta, sepultus erat.

Egregium illud Sautry sacrarium sacerdotis avari retinuit memoriam.

Th' attorney, when he had discerned
One, he thought, behind him, armed
In white armour, stoutly stirr'd him,
For his jade, he keenly spurr'd him:
Both run one course to catch a gudgeon,
This nak'd, that frighted to his lodging.
Singing along down Sautry * laning,
I saw a tomb one had been lain in;
And inquiring, one did tell it,
'Twas where Rainsford bury'd the prelate:'
I saw, I smil'd, and could permit it,
Greedy priests might so be fitted.
To th' Newfoundland College came I,
Commended to the care of many;
Bounteous are they, kind and loving,
Doing whatsoe'er's behoving:
These hold and walk together wholly,
And state their lands on uses holy.

* Here of the whip a covetous priest did lick;
Who would not bury th' dead, was bury'd quick.
Nothing more memorable than that chapel of Sautry, retaining still with her that covetous priest's memory.

An sint isti corde puro,
Parum scio, minus curo;
Si sint, non sunt hypocritæ
Orbe melioris vitæ:
Cellam, scholam et sacellum
Pulchra vidi supra stellam.
Veni Stilton, lente more,
Sine fronde, sine flore,
Sine prunis, sine pomis,
Uti senex sine comis,
Calva tellus, sed benignum
Monstrat viatori signum.
Veni Wansforth-brigs, immanem
Vidi amnem, alnum, anum;
Amnem latum, anum lautam,
Comptam, cultam, castam, cautam;
Portas, hortos speciosos,
Portus, saltus spatiosos.
Sed scribentem digitum Dei
Spectans 'Miserere mei,'
Atriis, angulis, confestim,
Evitandi cura pestem,

Whether pure these are, or are not,
As I know not, so I care not;
But if they be dissembling brothers,
Their life surpasseth many others:
See but their cell, school, and their temple,
You'll say the stars were their example.
Thence to Stilton, slowly paced,
With no bloom nor blossom graced;
With no plums nor apples stored,
But bald, like an old man's forehead;
Yet with inns so well provided,
Guests are pleas'd when they have try'd it.
Thence to Wansforth-brigs, a river
And a wife will live for ever:
River broad, an old wife jolly,
Comely, seemly, free from folly:
Gates and gardens neatly gracious,
Ports, and parks, and pastures spacious.
Seeing there, as did become me,
Written, 'Lord have mercy on me,'
On the portals, I departed,
Lest I should have sorer smarted:

Fugi; mori licet natus,
Nondum mori sum paratus.
Inde prato peramœni
Dormiens temulente fœno,
Rivus surgit et me capit,
Et in flumen alte rapit;
'Quorsum? clamant; Naper erro
A Wansforth-brigs in Anglo-terra.'
Veni Burleigh *, licet bruma,
Sunt fornaces sine fumo,
Promptuaria sine promo,
Clara porta, clausa domo;
O camini † sine foco,
Et culinæ sine coquo!
Clamans, domum ô inanem!
Resonabat Echo ‡, famem;
Quinam habitant intra muros?
Respirabat Echo, mures;

* Ista domus fit dasypodis dumus. STATIUS.

† ——Hederaque trophæa camini.

‡ ——Custos domus Echo stolatus.

Though from death none may be spared,
I to die was scarce prepared.
On a haycock sleeping soundly,
The river rose and took me roundly
Down the current: people cry'd,
Sleeping down the stream I lay'd:
'Where away, quoth they, from Greenland?
No; from Wansforth-brigs in England.'
Thence to Burleigh*, though 'twas winter,
No fire did the chimney enter,
Buttries without butlers guarded,
Stately gates were double warded;
Hoary chimneys† without smoke too,
Hungry kitchens, without cook too.
Hallooing loud, O empty wonder!
Echo‡ strait resounded, hunger.
Who inhabits this vast brick house?
Echo made reply, the titmouse:

* This house is the leverets bush.

† Ivy the chimney's trophy.

‡ Echo's the keeper of a forlorn house.

Ditis omen, nomen habe;
Echo respondebat, Abi.
Veni Stamford *, ubi bene
Omnis generis crumenæ
Sunt venales, sed in summo
Sunt crumenæ sine nummo;
Plures non in me reptantes,
Quam sunt ibi mendicantes.
Licet curæ premant charæ,
Veni in Foramen Saræ†;
Proca semel succi plena,
Lauta, læta, et serena,
At venusta fit vetusta,
Mundo gravis et onusta.
Saræ antrum ut intrassem,
Et ampullas gurgitassem ‡,

* Quo schola? quo præses? Comites? Academica sedes?
In loculos literas transposuere suas.

† Sileni Antrum, eo enim nomine egregie notum.

‡ Exsiccassem.

Ominous cell! No drudge at home, sir?
Echo answer made, Begone, sir.
Thence to antient Stamford * came I,
Where are penceless purses many;
Neatly wrought as doth become them,
Less gold in them than is on them,
Clawbacks more do not assail me
Than are beggars swarming daily.
Though my cares were maine and many,
To the Hole of Sarah came I†,
Once a bona-roba, trust me,
Though now buttock-shrunk and rusty;
But tho' nervy oil, and fat a,
Her I caught by you know what a.
Having boldly thus adventur'd,
And my Sarah's socket enter'd,

* Where be thy masters? fellows? scholars? bursers?
O Stamford! to thy shame, they're all turn'd pursers.

† The drunkard's cave, for so it may be call'd,
Where many malt worms have been soundly maul'd.

In amore Sara certo,
Ore basia dat aperto;
Sæpe sedet, quando surgit
Cyathum propinare urget.
Veni Witham, audiens illam
Propter lubricam anguillam
Vere claram nixus ramo,
Cæpi expiscari hamo;
Et ingentem capiens unam,
Præceps trahor in lacunam *.
Veni Grantham † mihi gratam,
Inclytè pyramidatam,
Ibi pastor cum uxore
Coeundi utens more,
De cubiculo descendit,
Quia Papa ibi pendet.

* Littora Mæandri sunt anxia limina Lethi,
Fluctus ubi curæ, ripa memento mori.

† Hinc canimus mirum! non protulit insula Spiram,
Talem nec notam vidimus orbe Cotem.

Her I sued, suited, sorted,
Bussed, boused, sneezed, snorted:
Often sate she, when she got up,
All her phrase was, 'drink thy pot up.'
Thence to Witham, having read there,
That the fattest eel was bred there;
Purposing some to entangle,
Forth I went and took mine angle;
Where an huge one having hooked,
By her* headlong was I dooked.
Thence to Grantham† I retiring,
Famous for a spire aspiring,
There a pastor with his sweeting
In a chamber closely meeting,
In great fury out he flung there,
'Cause a popish picture hung there.

* Mæander's shores to Lethe's shadows tend,
Where waves, sound cares, and banks imply our end.

† I may compare this town, and be no lyar,
With any shire, for Whetstones and a Spire.

Oppidani timent clari
Paulo spiram asportari,
Scissitantes, valde mirum,
Ubi præparent papyrum,
Qua maturius * implicetur,
Ne portando læderetur †.
Veni Newark ‡, ubi vivos
Sperans mersos esse rivis,
Irrui cellam subamænam,
Generosis vinis plenam.
Donec lictor intrans cellam,
Me conduxit ad flagellum.
Veni Tuxworth sitam luto,
Ubi viatores, puto,

* Structura. † Penetretur.

‡ Ulmus arenosis pulcherrima nascitur oris,
Arces et effusis vestit amœna comis.
Hic campi virides, quos Trentia flumina rivis
Fœcundare solent, ubera veris habent.
Hic porrectiore tractu distenditur Bevaria vallis.
Valles trinæ et opimæ
Dapes insulæ divinæ.

Here the townsmen are amated,
That their spire should be translated
Unto Paul's; and great's their labour,
How to purchase so much paper
To enwrap it, as is fitting
To secure their spire from splitting.
Thence to Newark*, flood-surrounded,
Where I hoping most were drowned;
Hand to hand I straitways shored
To a cellar richly stored:
Till suspected for a picklock,
The beadle led me to the whip-stock.
Thence to Tuxworth, in the clay there,
Where poor travellers find such way there,

* A sandy plat a shady elm receives,
Which clothes those turrets with her shaken leaves.
Here all along lies Bever's spetious vale,
Near which the streams of fruitful Trent do fall.
Vallies three so fruitful be
They're the wealth of Britainy.

Viam viscum esse credunt,
Sedes syrtes ubi sedent;
Thyrsus pendet, diu pendit,
Bonum vinum raro vendit.
  Veni Retford, pisces edi,
Et adagio locum dedi,
Cæpi statim propinare,
Ut piscículi natare
Discant meo corpore vivo,
Sicuti natarunt rivo.
  Veni Scrubie, Deus bone!
Cum Pastore et Latrone
Egi diem, fregi noctem,
Latro me fecisset doctum:
Ei nollem assidere,
Ne propinquior esset peræ.
  Veni Bautree, angiportam,
In dumetis vidi scortam,
Gestu levem, lumine vivam,
Vultu lætam, et lascivam;
Sed inflixi carni pœnam,
Timens misere crumenam.

Ways like bird-lime seem to show them,
Seats are syrts to such as know them;
Th' ivy hangs there, long has't hung there,
Wine is never vended strong there.
Thence to Retford, fish I fed on,
And to th' adage I had red on;
With carouses I did trim me,
That my fish might swim within me
As they had done being living,
And i'th' river nimbly diving,
Thence to Scrubie, O my Maker!
With a Pastor and a Taker;
Day I spent, I night divided,
Thief did make me well provided:
My poor scrip did cause me fear him,
All night long I came not near him.
Thence to Bautree, as I came there,
From the bushes near the lane, there
Rush'd a Tweake in gesture flanting,
With a leering eye, and wanton:
But my flesh I did subdue it,
Fearing lest my purse should rue it.

Veni Doncaster*, sed Levitam
Audiens finiisse vitam,
Sprevi Venerem, sprevi vinum,
Perdite quæ dilexi primum:
Nam cum Venus insenescit,
In me carnis vim compescit.
Nescit sitis artem modi,
Puteum Roberti Hoodi
Veni, et liquente vena
Vincto catino† catena,
Tollens sitim, parcum odi,
Solvens obolum custodi.
Veni Wentbridge‡, ubi plagæ
Terræ, maris, vivunt sagæ,

* Major Causidico quo gratior esset amico,
In comitem lento tramite jungit equo:
Causidicus renuit, renuente, patibula, dixit,
Commonstrabo tibi; *Caus.* Tuque moreris ibi.

† Viventes venæ, spinæ, catinusque catenæ,
Sunt Robin Hoodi nota trophæa sui.

‡ Rupe cavedia struxit inedia,
Queis oscitanter latuit accedia.

Thence to Doncaster *; where reported
Lively Levite was departed:
Love I loath'd, and spritely wine too,
Which I dearly lov'd some time too;
For when youthful Venus ageth,
She my fleshly force asswageth.
Thirst knows neither mean nor measure,
Robin Hood's well was my treasure;
In a common dish † enchained,
I my furious thirst restrained:
And because I drank the deeper,
I paid two farthings to the keeper.
Thence to Wentbridge ‡, where vile wretches,
Hideous hags and odious witches,

* That courtesie might a courtesie enforce,
The May'r would bring the Lawyer to his horse:
You shall not, quoth the Lawyer. M. Now I swear
I'll to the gallows go. L. I'll leave you there.
Might not this may'r, for wit a second Pale-As,
Have nam'd The town end full as well as Gallows?

† A well, thorn, dish, hung in an iron chain
For monuments of Robin Hood remain.

‡ In a rock Want built her booth,
Where no creature dwells but Sloth.

Vultu torto et anili,
Et conditione vili:
His infernæ manent sedes,
Quæ cum inferis ineunt fœdus.
Veni Ferrybrig, vietus,
Pede lassus, mente lætus,
Ut gustassem uvam vini,
Fructum salubrem acini:
Sœvior factus sum quam aper,
Licet vini lenis sapor.
Veni Pomfret*, ubi miram
Arcem, Anglis† regibus diram;
Laseris ortu‡ celebrandam,
Variis gestis memorandam;
Nec in Pomfret Repens certior,
Quàm pauperculus inertior.

* Hic repetunt ortum tristissima funera regum,
Quæ lachrymas oculis excutiere meis.

† Regibus Anglorum dedit arx tua dira ruinam,
Hoc titulo fatum cerne S..... tuum.

‡ Latius in ripem Laser est sita dulcis arentem,
Veste nova veris floribus aucta novis.

Writhen count'nance, and mis-shapen,
Are by some foul Bugbear taken:
These infernal seats inherit,
Who contract with such a spirit.

Thence to Ferrybrig, sore wearied,
Surfoot, but in spirit cheered:
I the grape no sooner tasted
But my melancholy wasted:
Never was wild boar more fellish,
Tho' the wine did smally relish.

Thence to Pomfret*, as long since is,
Fatal to our English princes†;
For the choicest liquorice crowned‡,
And for sundry acts renowned:
A louse in Pomfret is not surer,
Than the poor thro' sloth securer.

* The tragic state of English kings stood here,
Which to their urns pays tribute with a tear.

† Here stood that fatal theatre of kings,
Which for revenge mounts up with airy wings.

‡ Here liquorice grows upon their mellow'd banks,
Decking the spring with her delicious plants.

Veni Sherburn, adamandum,
Et aciculis spectandum;
Pastor decimas cerasorum
Quærit plus quam animorum:
Certe nescio utrum mores,
An fortunæ meliores.
Veni Bramham, eo ventus,
Vidi pedites currentes;
Quidam auribus susurrat,
'Crede Faustule, hic prœcurret,
Nam probantur:' qui narratur
Pejor, melior auspicatur.
Veni Tadcaster, ubi pontem
Sine flumine, prælucentem,
Plateas fractas, et astantes
Omni loco mendicantes
Spectans, illinc divagarer,
Ne cum illis numerarer.
Veni Eboracum, flore
Juventutis cum textore
Fruens: conjux statim venit,
'Lupum vero auribus tenet;'

Thence to Sherburn, dearly loved,
And for Pinners well approved;
Cherry tenths the pastor aimeth,
More than the souls which he reclaimeth:
In an equipage consorting,
Are their manners and their fortune.

Thence to Bramham, thither coming,
I saw two footmen stripp'd for running:
One said, 'the match was made to cheat 'em;
Trust me, Faustulus, This will beat 'em;
For we've try'd them;' but that courser
He priz'd better, prov'd the worser.

Thence to Tadcaster, where stood reared
A fair bridge; no flood appeared:
Broken pavements, beggars waiting,
Nothing more than labour hating;
But with speed I hasten'd from them,
Lest I should be thought one of them.

Thence to York, fresh youth enjoying,
With a wanton Weaver toying:
Husband suddenly appears too,
'Catching the wolf by the ears too:'

Ille clamat aperire,
Illa negat exaudire.
Sic ingressus mihi datur,
Cum Textori denegatur;
Qui dum voce importuné
Strepit, matulam urinæ
Sentit; sapienter tacet,
Dum Betricia mecum jacet.
Ibi Tibicen apprehensus,
Judicatus et suspensus,
Plaustro cöaptato furi,
Ubi Tibia, clamant pueri?
Nunquam ludes amplius Billie;
Ad nescitis, inquit ille.
Quod contigerit memet teste,
Nam abscissa jugulo reste,
Ut in fossam Furcifer vexit,
Semi mortuus resurrexit:
Arce reducem occludit,
Ubi valet, vivit, ludit.
Veni Towlerton, Statiodromi
Retinentes spem coronæ,

He cries, Open, something fears him:
But the deaf adder never hears him.
Thus my entrance was descried,
While the Weaver was denied;
Who as he fumed, fret, and frowned,
With a chamberpot was crowned:
Wisely silent, he ne'er grudged
That his Betty with me lodged.
A Piper being here committed,
Guilty found, condemned, and fitted;
As he was to Knavesmire going,
This day, quoth Boys, will spoil thy blowing;
From thy Pipe th'art now departing;
Wags, quoth th' Piper, you're not certain.
All which happen'd to our wonder,
For the halter cut asunder,
As one of all life deprived,
Being bury'd, he revived:
And there lives, and plays his measure,
Holding hanging but a pleasure.
Thence to Towlerton, where those stagers,
Or Horsecoursers, run for wagers:

Ducunt equos ea die
Juxta tramitem notæ viæ;
Sequens autem solitam venam,
Sprevi primum et postremum.
Veni Helperby desolatum,
Igne nuper concrematum,
Ne taberna fit intacta,
Non in cineres redacta;
Quo discessi ocyor Euro,
Restinguendi sitim cura.
Veni Topcliff*, musicam vocans,
Et decoro ordine locans,
Ut expectant hi mercedem,
Tacitè subtraxi pedem;
Parum habui quod expendam,
Linquens eos ad solvendum.

* Labentes rivi resonant sub vertice clivi,
Quæ titulum villæ primo dedere tuæ.

Alias,

Infra situm Rivi saliunt sub acumine clivi,
Quo sedes civi splendida, nulla nivi.

Near to the highway the course is,
Where they ride and run their horses:
But still on our journey went we,
First or last did like content me.
Thence to Helperby I turned;
Desolate and lately burned:
Not a taphouse there but mourned,
Being all to ashes turned;
Whence I swiftly did remove me,
For thirst-sake, as did behove me.
Thence to Topcliff*, music call'd I,
In no comely posture fall'd I;
But when these expected wages,
To themselves I left my pages;
Small being th' court'sy I could show them,
Th' reck'ning I commended to them.

* Topcliff from tops of cliffs first took her name,
And her cliff-mounted seat confirms the same:
Where streams with curled windings overflown,
Bestow a native beauty on the town.

Veni Thyrsike*, Thyrsis hortum,
Ubi Phyllis floribus sportam
Instruit, at nihil horum
Nec pastorem, neque florem
Ego curo, Bacchum specto
Horto, campo, foro, tecto.
Veni Alerton, ubi oves,
Tauri, vaccæ, vituli, boves,
Aliaque campi pecora
Oppidana erant decora :
Forum fuit jumentorum,
Mihi autem cella forum.
Veni Smeton, perexosum
Collem quem pediculosum
Vulgo vocant, tamen mirè
Mœchæ solent lascivire,
Ad alendum debilem statum,
Aut tegendam nuditatem.

* Thyrsis oves pascens per apricæ pascua vallis,
Prima dedit Thyrsco nomina nota suo.
Sycamori gelidis Tityrus umbris
Discumbens, Phyllidi serta paravit,
Et niveas greges gramine pavit.

Thence to Thyrsie, rich Thyrsis casket,
Where fair Phyllis fills her basket
With choice flowers, but these be vain things,
I esteem no flowers nor swainlings;
In Bacchus yard, field, booth, or cottage,
I love nought like his cold pottage.
Thence to Alerton, rank'd in battle,
Sheep, kine, oxen, other cattle;
As I fortun'd to pass by there,
Were the town's best beautifier:
Fair for beasts at that time fell there,
But I made my Fare the cellar.
Thence to Smeton, I assailed
Lousy Hill, for so they call it;
Where were dainty ducks, and jant ones,
Wenches that could play the wantons;
Which they practise, truth I'll tell ye,
For relief of back and belly.

* Here Thyrsis fed his lambkins on the plain;
So Thyrske from Thyrsis took her antient name.
Here Tityrus and Phyllis made them bowers,
Of tender osiers, sweet-breath'd sycamores.

Veni Neeham *, Dei domum;
In Cœnobiarchæ domum;
Uberem vallem, salubrem venam,
Cursu fluminis amœnam,
Lætam sylvis et frondosam,
Heræ vultu speciosam.
Veni Darlington, prope vicum
Conjugem duxi peramicam;
Nuptiis celebrantur festa,
Nulla admittuntur mœsta;
Pocula noctis dant progressum,
Ac si nondum nuptus essem.
Veni Richmond†, sed amicos
Generosos et antiquos,
Nobiles socios, sortis miræ,
Cum nequissem invenire,
Sepelire curas ibi,
Tota nocte mecum bibi.

* Littora lentiscis, gemmarunt germina gemmis,
Murenulis conchæ, muricibusque comæ.

† Nomen habes mundi, nec erit sine jure, secundi,
Namque situs titulum comprobat ipse tuum.

Thence to Nesham *, now translated,
Once a Nunnery dedicated:
Valleys smiling, bottoms pleasing,
Streaming rivers never ceasing;
Deck'd with tufty woods and shady,
Graced by a lovely lady.
Thence to Darlington, where I housed
Till at last I was espoused:
Marriage feast and all prepared,
Not a fig for th' world I cared;
All night long by th' pot I tarry'd,
As if I had ne'er been marry'd.
Thence to Richmond †, heavy sentence!
There were none of my acquaintance;
All my noble comrades gone were,
Of them all I found not one there;
But lest care should make me sicker,
I did bury care in liquor.

* Where shores yield lentisks, branches pearled gems,
There lamprels shells, their rocks soft mossy stems.

† From a Rich mound thy appellation came,
And thy rich seat proves it a proper name.

Pœna sequi solet culpam,
Veni Redmeere ad Subuloum,
Ilia mensæ fert porcina,
Prisca nimis intestina,
Quæ ni calices abluissent,
Adhuc gurgite inhæsissent.
Veni Carperby peravarum,
Cœtu frequens, victu caruna;
Septem solidorum cœna
Reddit levior crumena:
Nummo sitius haurieris,
Quam liquore ebrieris.
Veni Wenchly, valle situm,
Prisca vetustate tritum,
Amat tamen propinare
Pastor cum agnellis charè,
Quo effascinati more,
Dormiunt agni cum pastore.
Veni Middlam, ubi arcem
Vidi, et bibentes sparsim
Bonos socios, quibus junxi,
Et liquorem libere sumpsi;

Penance chac'd that crime of mine hard,
Thence to Redmeere, to a Swineherd
Came I, where they nothing plac'd me
But a swine's gut that was nasty;
Had I not then wash'd my liver,
In my guts 't had stuck for ever.
Thence to Carperby, very greedy,
Consorts frequent, victuals needy:
After Supper they so toss'd me,
As seven shillings there it cost me:
Soon may one of coin be soaked,
Yet for want of liquor choked.
Thence to Wenchly, valley seated,
For antiquity repeated:
Sheep and shepherd, as one brother,
Kindly drink to one another;
Till pot-hardy, light as feather,
Sheep and shepherd sleep together.
Thence to Middlam, where I viewed
Th' castle, which so stately showed:
Down the stairs, 'tis truth I tell ye,
To a knot of brave boys fell I;

Æneis licet tincti nasis,
Fuimus custodes pacis.
Veni Ayscaith *, vertice montis,
Valles, et amœnos fontes,
Niveas greges, scopulos rudes,
Campos, scirpos, et paludes,
Vidi; locum vocant Templum,
Speculantibus exemplum.
Veni Worton, sericis cincta
Sponsa ducis, ore tincta,
Me ad cœnam blande movet,
Licet me non unquam novit;
Veni, vidi, vici, lusi,
Cornu-copiam optans duci.
Veni Baisbrig, ubi palam
Flumen decrit canalem,
Spectans, utri propensum
Ad Johannem Ancillarem.
Hospitem habui, verè mirum,
Neque fœminam, neque virum.

* Gurgite præcipiti sub vertice montis aquati *
Specus erat spinis obsitus, intus aquis.

All red noses, no dye deeper,
Yet none but a peace-keeper.
Thence to Ayscarth*, from a mountain,
Fruitful valleys, pleasant fountains;
Woolly flocks, cliffs steep and snowy,
Fields, fens, sedgy rushes, saw I;
Which high mount is call'd the Temple,
For all prospects an example.
Thence to Worton, being lighted,
I was solemnly invited
By a captain's wife most yewky,
Though, I think, she never knew me;
I came, call'd, coll'd, toy'd, nuzzled, kissed,
Captain cornu-copp'd I wished.
Thence to Bainbrig, where the river
From its channel seems to sever
To Maidenly John forthwith I hasted;
And his best provision tasted:
Th' host I had, a thing not common,
Seemed neither man nor woman.

* Here breathes an arched cave of antique stature,
Closed above with thorns, below with water.

Veni Askrig *, notum forum,
Valde tamen indecorum,
Nullum habet Magistratum,
Oppidanum ferre statum :
Hic pauperrimi textores
Peragrestes tenent mores.
Veni Hardraw †, ubi fames,
Cautes frugis perinanes ;
Nunquam vixit hic Adonis,
Ni sub thalamo Carbonis :
Diversoria sunt obscœna,
Fimo fœda, fumo plena.
Veni Gastile, ubi cellam,
Cellam sitam ad Sacellum
Intrans, bibi stingo fortem,
Habens Lanium in consortem,

* Clauditur amniculus saltibus fornicibus arctis,
Alluit et villæ mœnia juncta suæ.

† Labitur alveolis resonantibus amnis amœnus,
Qui tremula mulcet voce, sopore fovet.

Thence to Askrig*, market noted,
But no handsomeness about it;
Neither Magistrate nor Mayor
Ever were elected there:
Here poor people live by knitting,
To their Trading, breeding fitting.

Thence to Hardraw†, where's hard hunger,
Barren cliffs and clints of wonder;
Never here Adonis lived,
Unless in Cole's harbour hived:
Inns are nasty, dusty, fusty,
Both with smoke and rubbish musty.

Thence to Gastile, I was drawn in
To an alehouse, near adjoining
To a chapel; I drank Stingo
With a Butcher and Domingo

* A channel strait confines a crystal spring,
Washing the walls o'th' village neighbouring.

† A shallow rill, whose streams their current keep,
With murm'ring voice and pace procure sweet sleep.

Et Pastorem * parvæ gregis,
Rudem moris, artis legis
Veni Sedbergh †, sedem quondam
Lautam, lætam, et jocundam,
Sed mutatur mundus totus,
Vix in annis unus potus,
Ibi propriæ propolari
Non audebant vulpinari
Veni Killingph ‡, editum collem,
Fronde lætiore mollem,
Ibi tamen parem habebat,
Semper altiora sperans,
Hisce dixi longum vale,
Solum repetens natale,
Veni Kendall §, ubi status
Præstans, prudens, magistratus,

* Quota est hora, refert? solem speculatido respondet!
Ecce sacerdotes quos tua terra parit!

† Prospicies thyrsum sinuosis arte rotundum,
Organo quo cerebri mersa fuere mei.

‡ Arboribus gelidam texens Corilarius umbram,
Æstatem atque Hyemem fronde repelle gravem.

§ Nunc Saturnius appulit annus,
Major fiet aldermannus.

Th' Curate*, who to my discerning,
Was not guilty of much learning.
Thence to Sedbergh†, sometimes joy-all,
Gamesome, gladsome, richly royal;
But those jolly boys are sunken,
Now scarce once a year one drunken:
There I durst not well be merry,
Far from home old foxes wary.
Thence to Killington‡ I passed,
Where an hill is freely grassed;
There I staid not, tho' half tired,
Higher still my thoughts aspired:
Taking leave of mountains many,
To my native country came I.
Thence to Kendall, pure her state is,
Prudent too her magistrate§ is;

* I ask'd him what's a-clock? he look'd at th' sun,
But want of learning made him answer—mum.

† Here grows a bush in artful mazes round,
Where th' active organs of my brains were drown'd.

‡ Here the retired tanner builds him bowers,
Shrouds him from summer's heat, and winter's showers.

§ Now Saturn's year has drench'd down care,
And made an alderman a may'r.

Publicis festis purpuratus,
Ab Elizabetha datus;
Hic me juvat habitare,
Propinare et amare.

FINIS PARTIS TERTIÆ.

In whose charter to them granted,
Nothing but a mayor wanted:
Here it likes me to be dwelling,
Bousing, loving; stories telling.

BARNABÆ ITINERARIUM.

SI VITULUM SPECTES, NIHIL EST QUOD POCULA LAUDES.

PARS IV.

Mirtil. O Faustule! dic quo jure
Spreta urbe, vivis rure?
Quo tot lepidos consortes,
Genio faustos gurgite fortes,
Reliquisti, socios vitæ,
Gravi laborantes siti?
Vale dices tot amicis,
Tot lyæi viti vicis,
Tot falerni roscidi cellis,
Tot pelliculis, tot puellis?
Quid te movet, dic sodali,
Urbi longum dicere vale?
Faustul. Quid me movet? Nonne cernis
Me tamdiu in Tabernis,

BARNABY'S JOURNAL.

IF THOU DOST LOVE THY FLOCK, LEAVE OFF TO POT.

PART IV.

Mirtil. O Faustulus! tak'st no pity
For the field to leave the city?
Nor thy Consorts, lively Skinkers,
Witty Wags, and lusty Drinkers;
Lads of life, who wash their liver,
And are dry and thirsty ever?
Wilt thou here no longer tarry
With these Boys that love Canary?
Wilt thou leave these nectar trenches,
Dainty Doxies, merry wenches?
Say, what makes thee change thy ditty,
Thus to take farewell o'th' city?

Faust. What is't makes me? Dost not note it,
How I have i'th' tavern floated,

Propinasse, donec mille
Clamant, ecce Faustulus ille,
Qui per orbem ducens iter,
Titulo Ebrii insignitur!
Qui natali bibit more
Ortu roseo ab Aurora
Usque vesperam, et pudorem
Vultus, quæstus et odorem
Sprevit! audi culpæ pœnam,
Scenam Faustuli extremam.

Vale Banbury, vale Brackley,
Vale Hollow-well, vale Hockley,
Vale Daintry, vale Lei'ster,
Vale Chichester, vale Chester,
Vale Nottingham, vale Mansfield,
Vale Wetherby, vale Fanfield.
Vale Aberford, vale Bradford,
Vale Tosseter, vale Stratford,
Vale Preston, vale Euxston,
Vale Wigan, vale Newton,

Till a thousand seek to shame me,
There goes Faustulus, so they name me,
Who thro' all the world hath traced,
And with stile of Malvorn graced!
Who carouseth to his breeding,
From Aurora's beamlins spreading
To the ev'ning, and despiseth
Favour, thrift which each man prizeth.
Now hear Faustulus melancholy,
Th' closing scene of all his folly.

Farewell Banbury, farewell Brackley,
Farewell Hollow-well, farewell Hockley,
Farewell Daintry, farewell Lei'ster,
Farewell Chichester, and Chester,
Farewell Nottingham, and Mansfield,
Farewell Wetherby, farewell Tanfield,
Farewell Aberford, farewell Bradford,
Farewell Tosseter, farewell Stratford,
Farewell Preston, farewell Euxston,
Farewell Wigan, farewell Newton,

Vale Warrington, vale Budworth,
Vale Kighley, vale Cudworth,
Vale Hodsdon, vale Tot'n'am,
Vale Giggleswick, vale Gottam,
Vale Harrington, vale Stilton,
Vale Huntington, vale Milton,
Vale Royston, vale Puckeridge,
Vale Caxston, vale Cambridge.
Vale Ware, vale Wademill,
Vale Highgate, vale Gadshill,
Vale Stamford, vale Sautry,
Vale Scrubie, vale Bautry,
Vale Castrum subter Linum,
Ubi vates, Venus, vinum.
Vale Tauk-hill, quem conspexi,
Lemnia Lydia, quam dilexi,
Arduæ viæ quas transivi,
Et amiculæ queis cöivi,
Faber, Taber, sociæ lætæ,
Et convivæ vos valete.
Nunc longinquos locos odi,
Vale fons Roberti Hoodi,

Farewell Warrington, farewell Budworth,
Farewell Kighley, farewell Cudworth.
Farewell Hodsdon, farewell Tot'nam,
Farewell Giggleswick, farewell Gotham,
Farewell Harrington, farewell Sutton,
Farewell Huntington, farewell Milton,
Farewell Royston, farewell Puckeridge,
Farewell Caxton, farewell Cambridge.
Farewell Ware, farewell Wademill,
Farewell Highgate, farewell Gudehill,
Farewell Stamford, farewell Sautry,
Farewell Scrubie, farewell Bautry,
Farewell Castle under Line too,
Where are poets, wenches, wine too.
Farewell Packhill, which I viewed,
Lemnian Lydia, whom I sued;
Steepy ways by which I waded,
And those Trugs with which I traded;
Faber, Taber, pensive never,
Farewell merry Mates for ever.
Now I hate all foreign places,
Robin Hood's Well, and his chaces.

Vale Rosington, vale Retford,
Et antiqua sedes Bedford;
Vale Dunchurch, Dunstable, Brickhill,
Alban, Barnet, Pimlico, Tickhill.
Vale Waltham, et Oswaldi
Sedes, sidus Theobaldi,
Vale Godmanchester, ubi
Mens elusa fuit nube;
Vale Kingsland, Islington, London,
Quam amavi perdite quondam.
Vale Buntingford, ubi suaves
Vepres, vites, flores, aves,
Hospes grata et benigna,
Et amoris præbens signa;

——Ista novæ mea mœnia Trojæ.——

Nunc novæ longum valedico Trojæ,
Læta quæ flori, gravis est senectæ,
Vina, picturæ, Veneris facetæ,
Cuncta valete.
Sin vero conjux, famuli, sorores,
Liberi, suaves laribus lepores
Confluant, mulcent varios labores:
Cuncta venite.

Farewell Rosington, farewell Retford,
And thou antient seat of Bedford;
Farewell Dunchurch, Dunstable, Brickhill,
Alban, Barnet, Pimlico, Tickhill.
Farewell Waltham, seat of Oswald,
That bright princely star of The'bald:
Farewell Godmanchester, where I
Was deluded by a fairy;
Farewell Kingsland, Islington, London*,
Which I lov'd, and by it undone.
Farewell Buntingford, where are thrushes,
Sweet briars, shred vines, privet bushes;
Hostess cheerful, mildly moving,
Giving tokens of her loving;

*——These be my New Troy's dying elegies.

Now to that New Troy bid adieu for ever,
Wine, Venus, pictures, can allure me never,
These are youth's darlings, age's hoary griever,
Fare ye well ever.
Farewell for ever, see you will I never,
Yet if wife, children, money, hurry thither,
Where we may plant and solace us together,
Welcome for ever.

Alio juvat spatiari,
Pasci, pati, recreari.
Vale Stone, et Sacellum,
Quod splendentem habet Stellam,
Vale Haywood, Bruerton, Ridglay,
Litchfield, Coventry, Coleshill, Edgbas,
Meredin, Wakefield, et amœni
Campi, chori Georgii Greeni.
Vale Clowne, Doncaster, Roth'nam,
Clapham, Ingleton, Waldon, Clothram,
Witham, Grantham, New-wark, Tuxworth,
Uxbridge, Beconsfield, et Oxford,
Geniis et ingeniis bonis
Satur, opibus Platonis.
Sprevi nunc Textoris acum,
Vale, vale Eboracum,
Alio nunc victurus more,
Mutans mores cum colore *;

* Incessit hyems niveis capillis,
Incessit hyems gelidis lacertis,
Nec mea curat carmina Phyllis,
Urbe relicta rustica vertes.
Conspicui vates repetendo Cupidinis æstus,
Spreta canunt lepidis, ut senuere, procis.

I must in another nation
Take my fill of recreation.
Farewell precious Stone and Chapel,
Where Stella shines more fresh than th' apple:
Farewell Haywood, Bruerton, Ridglay,
Litchfield, Coventry, Coleshill, Edglay,
Meredin, Wakefield, farewell clean a
Meads and mates of George a Green a.
Farewell Clowne, Doncaster, Roth'ram,
Clapham, Ingleton, Waldron, Clothram,
Witham, Grantham, New-wark, Tuxworth,
Uxbridge, Beconsfield, and Oxforth,
Richly stor'd, I am no Gnatho,
With wit, wealth, worth, Well'of Plato.
Farewell York, I must forsake thee,
Weaver's shuttle shall not take me:
Hoary * hairs are come upon me,
Youthful pranks will not become me;

* Winter has now behoar'd my hairs,
Benumb'd my joints, and sinews too;
Phyllis for verses little cares,
Leave City then, to th' Country go.
Poets, when they have writ of love their fill,
Grown old, are scorn'd, tho' fancy crown their quill.

Horreo, proprium colens nidum,
Sacram violare fidem.
  Vale Wentbrig, Towlerton, Sherburn,
Ferrybrig, Tadcaster, Helperby, Merburn:
Vale Bainbrig, Askrig, Worton,
Hardraw, Wenchley, Smeton, Burton:
Vale Ayscarth, Carperby, Redmeere,
Gastile, Killington, et Sedbergh.
  Armentarius jam sum factus,
Rure manens incoactus:
Suavis odor lucri tenet,
Parum curo unde venit,
Campo, choro, tecto, thoro,
Caula, cella, sylva, foro.

Th' bed to which I'm reconciled
Shall be by me ne'er defiled.

Farewell Wentbrig, Towlerton, Sherburn,
Ferry-brig, Tadcaster, Helperby, Merburn;
Farewell Bainbrig, Askrig, Worton,
Hardraw, Wenchley, Smeton, Burton;
Farewell Ayscarth, Carperby, Redmeere,
Gastile, Killington, and Sedbergh.

I am now become a drover,
Country liver, country lover;
Smell of gain my sense benumbeth,
Little care I whence it cometh;
Be't from camp, choir, cottage, carpet,
Field, fold, cellar, forest, market.

EQUESTRIA FORA.

Veni Malton, artem laudo,
Vendens equum sine cauda,
Morbidum, mancum, claudum, cæcum,
Forte si maneret mecum,
Probo, vendo, pretium datur;
Quid si statim moriatur?

HORSE FAIRS.

To Malton come I, praising th' sale, sir,
Of an horse without a tail, sir;
Be he maim'd, lam'd, blind, diseased,
If I sell him, I'm well pleased;
Should this kephal die next morrow,
I partake not in the sorrow.

Ad forensem Rippon tendo,
Equi si sint cari, vendo,
Si minore pretio dempti,
Equi à me erunt empti;
Ut alacrior fiat ille,
Ilia mordicant anguillæ.

SEPTENTRIONALIA FORA.

Veni Pomfret, uberem venam,
Virgis * laserpitiis plenam.
Veni Topcliff cum sodali,
Non ad vinum sed venale.
Veni Thyrsk, ubi boves
Sunt venales pinguiores.
Veni Alerton lætam, latam,
Mercatori perquam gratam,

* Virgulta laseris florent amœnula
In hac angelica latius insula.

Vide lib. 3. stanz. 48.

Then to Rippon, I appear there
To sell horses if they're dear there;
If they're cheap, I use to buy them,
And i'th' Country profit by them;
Where to quicken 'em, I'll tell ye,
I put quick eels in their belly.

NORTHERN FAIRS.

Thence to Pomfret, freshly flow'red,
And with rods* of Liquorice stored.
Thence to Topcliff with my fellow,
Not to bouze wine, but to sell low.
Thence to Thyrske, where bullocks grazed
Are for sale i'th' market placed.
Thence to Alerton, cheerful, fruitful,
To the seller very grateful;

* Rods of Liquorice sweetly smile
In that rich angelic isle.

See Book 3, Stanza 48.

In, utiliorem actum,
Eligo locum pecori aptum.
Veni Darlington, servans leges
In custodiendo greges.
Inde Middlam cursum flecto,
Spe lucrandi tramite recto,
Nullum renuo laborem,
Quæstus sapiens odorem;
'Nulla via modo vera
Est ad bonos mores sera.'

TRA-MONTANA FORA.

Hisce foris nullum bonum
Capiens, Septentrionem
Ocyore peto pede,
Ditiore frui sede:
Asperæ cautes, ardui colles,
Lucri gratia mihi molles.
Veni Appleby, ubi natus,
Primam sedem comitatus.

There to chuse a place I'm chariest,
Where my beasts may shew the fairest.
Thence to Darlington, never swerving
From our Drove-laws, worth observing.
Thence to Middlam am I aiming
In a direct course of gaining;
I refuse no kind of labour,
Where I smell some gainful savour:
'No way, be it ne'er the homeliest,
Is rejected, being honest.'

TRA-MONTANE FAIRS.

In these fairs, if I find nothing
Worth the staying, I'm no slow thing;
To the North frame I my passage,
Winged with hope of more advantage:
Ragged rocks, and steepy hillows,
Are by gain more soft than pillows.
Thence to native Appleby mount I,
Th' antient seat of all that county.

Illinc Penrith speciosam,
Omni merce copiosam.
Illinc Roslay, ubi tota
Grex à gente venit Scota.
Hinc per limitem obliquam
Veni Ravinglass antiquam;
Illinc Dalton peramœnum;
Hinc Oustonum fruge plenum:
Donec Hauxide specto sensim;
Illinc sedem Lancastrensem.
Veni Garstang, ubi nata
Sunt armenta fronte latâ.
Hinc ad Inglefórth ut descendi,
Pulchri vituli sunt emendi.
Illinc Burton limina peto,
Grege lautâ, fronde læta.
Veni Horneby, sedem claram,
'Spes lucrandi fert avarum;'
Cœca-sacra fames auri
Me consortem fecit tauri:
Sprevi Veneris amorem
'Lucrum summum dat odorem.'

Thence to peerless Penrith went I,
Which of merchandize hath plenty.
Thence to Roslay, where our lot is,
To commerce with people Scottish.
By a passage crook'dly tending,
Thence to Ravinglass I'm bending:
Thence to Dalton, most delightful;
Thence to oaten Ouston fruitful;
Thence to Hauxide's marish pasture;
Thence to th' seat of old Lancaster.
Thence to Garstang, where are feeding,
Herds with large fronts, freely breeding.
Thence to Ingleforth I descended,
Where choice bull-calves will be vended.
Thence to Burton's boundiers pass I,
Fair in flocks, in pastures grassy.
Thence to Horneby, seat renowned,
'Thus with gain are worldlings drowned;'
Secret-sacred thirst of treasure
Makes my bullocks my best pleasure:
Should love woo me, I'd not have her,
'It is gain yields sweetest savour.'

Veni Lonesdale, venientem
Laticem socii præpotentem
Haurientes, hæsitantes,
Fluctuantes, titubantes,
Allicerent, narro verum,
Sed non sum qui semel eram.
Me ad limen trahunt orci,
Uti lutum petunt porci,
Aut ad vomitum fertur canis,
Sed intentio fit inanis:
Oculis clausis hos consortes
Præterire didici mortis.
Mirtil. Miror, Faustule, miror verè,
Bacchi te clientem heri,
Spreto genio jucundo,
Mentem immersisse mundo:
Dic quid agis, ubi vivis,
Semper eris mundo civis?
Faustul. Erras, Mirtile, si me credas
Nunquam Bacchi petere sedes;
Thyrsus vinctus erit collo,
'Semel in anno ridet Apollo;'

Thence to Lonesdale, where were at it
Boys that scorn'd quart-ale by statute,
Till they stagger'd, stammer'd, stumbled,
Railed, reeled, rolled, tumbled;
Musing I should be so stranged,
I resolv'd them I was changed.
To the sink of sin they drew me,
Where like hogs in mire they threw me,
Or like dogs unto their vomit,
But their purpose I o'ercomed;
With shut eyes I flung in anger
From those mates of death and danger.

Mir. Surely, Faustulus, I do wonder
How thou, who so long liv'd under
Bacchus, where choice wits resounded,
Shouldst be thus i'th' world drowned.
What do'st? where liv'st? in brief deliver.
Wilt thou be a worldling ever?

Faust. Thou err'st, Mirtillus, so do more too,
If thou think'st I never go to
Bacchus temple, which I follow;
'Once a year laughs wise Apollo;'

Pellens animi dolores,
Mutem crines, nunquam mores.
Socios habeo verè gratos,
Oppidanos, prope natos,
Intra, extra, circa muros,
Qui mordaces tollunt curas:
Hisce juvat sociari,
Et apricis* spatiari.
Nunc ad Richmond, primo flore:
Nunc ad Nesham cum uxore,
Læto cursu properamus,
Et amamur et amamus:
Pollent floribus ambulacra,
Vera Veris simulachra.
Nunc ad Ashton invitato
Ab amico et cognato,

* Si per apricos spatiari locos
Gaudeat, mentem relevare meam
Anxiam curis, studiisque gravem.

Where I drench grief's slight physicians,
Hair I change, but no conditions.
Cheerful comrades have I by me,
Townsmen that do neighbour nigh me;
Within, without, where'er I rest me,
Carking cares do ne'er molest me:
With these I please to consort me,
And in open fields * to sport me.
Now to Richmond, when spring's coming,
Now to Nesham with my woman;
With free course we both approve it,
Where we love, and are beloved;
Here fields flower with freshest creatures,
Representing Flora's features.
Now to Ashton, I'm invited
By my friend and kinsman cited;

* Thus thro' the fair fields, when I have best leisure,
Diaper'd richly, do I take my pleasure,
To cheer my studies with a pleasing measure.

Dant hospitium abditæ cellæ,
Radiantes orbis stellæ.
Mensa, mera, omnia plena,
Grata fronte et serena.
Nunc ad Cowbrow, ubi lætus,
Una mente confluit cœtus,
Nescit locus lachrymare,
Nescit hospes osculari,
Facit in amoris testem
Anser vel Gallina festum.
Nunc ad Natland, ubi florem
Convivalem et Pastorem
Specto; spiro ora rosea,
A queis Nectar et Ambrosia:
Castitatis autem curæ
Me intactum servant rure.
Nunc ad Kirkland, et de eo
Prope templo, procul Deo,
Dici potest, spectent templum,
Sacerdotis et exemplum,
Audient tamen citius sonum
Tibiæ quam concionem.

Secret cellars entertain me,
Beauteous-beaming stars inflame me;
Meat, mirth, music, wines, are there full,
With a count'nance blithe and cheerful.
Now to Cowbrow, quickly thither
Jovial boys do flock together;
In which place all sorrow lost is,
Guests know how to kiss their hostess;
Nought but love doth border near it,
Goose or Hen will witness bear it.
Now to Natland, where choice beauty
And a shepherd do salute me;
Lips I relish richly roseack,
Purely Nectar and Ambrosiack;
But I'm chaste, as doth become me,
For the country's eyes are on me.
Now to Kirkland, truly by it,
May that say' be verified,
'Far from God, but near the temple,'
Tho' their pastor give example:
They are such a kind of vermin,
Pipe they'd rather hear than sermon.

Nunc ad Kendal, propter pannum*;
Cœtum, situm, aldermannum†,
Virgines pulchras, pias matres,
Et viginti quatuor fratres,
Verè clarum et beatum,
Mihi nactum, notum, natum.
Ubi, (dicam pace vestra,)
Tectum mittitur è fenestra;
Cura lucri, cura fori,
Saltant cum Johanne Dori:
Sancti fratres cum poeta,
Læta canunt et faceta.
Nunc ad Staveley, ubi aves
Melos modos cantant suaves,
Sub arbustis et virgultis
Molliore musco fultis.

* Lanificii gloria, et industria ita præcellens, ut eo nomine sit celeberrimum. CAMD. BRIT.

Pannus mihi panis. *Mot.*

† Nomine Major eas, nec sis minor omine sedis,
Competat ut titulo civica vita novo.

Now to Kendal, for cloth-making*,
Sight, site, alderman† awaking;
Beauteous damsels, modest mothers,
And her four and twenty brothers;
Ever in her honour spreading,
Where I had my native breeding.
Where, I'll tell you, while none mind us,
We throw th' house quite out at windows;
Nought makes them or me ought sorry,
They dance lively with John Dory:
Holy brethren with their poet
Sing, nor care they much who know it.
Now to Staveley, strait repair I,
Where sweet birds do hatch their airy,
Arbours, osiers freshly showing,
With soft mossy rhind o'er growing:

* A town so highly renowned for her commodious clothing, and industrious Trading, as her name is become famous in that kind. CAMD. BRIT.

Cloth is my bread. *Motto.*

† Now hast thou chang'd thy title unto May'r,
Let life, state, style, improve thy charter there.

Cellis, sylvis, et tabernis,
An feliciorem cernis?
Mir. Esto Faustule! recumbe,
Rure tuo carmina funde;
Vive, vale, profice, cresce,
Arethusæ alma messe;
Tibi Zephyrus sub fago
Dulciter afflet. *Faust.* Gratias ago.

Aurea rura mihi sunt secula pocula Tmoli.

Fruges adde Ceres, et frugibus adde racemos,
Vitibus et Vates, Vatibus adde dies.

FINIS.

For woods, air, ale, all excelling:
Wouldst thou have a neater dwelling?
Mir. Be't so, Faustulus! there repose thee,
Cheer thy country with thy poesy;
Live, fare well, as thou deservest,
Rich in Arethusa's harvest:
Under th' Beech, while shepherds rank thee,
Zephyrus bless thee. *Faust.* I do thank thee.

Here in the Country live I with my Page,
Where Tmolus Cups I make my golden age.

Ceres send Corn, with corn add grapes unto it,
Poet to Wine, and long life to the Poet.

END.

IN

ERRATA.

Lector, ne mireris illa,
Villam si mutavi villa,
Si regressum feci metro,
Retro ante, ante retro
Inserendo, ut præpono
Godmanchester Harringtono.
Quid si breves fiant longi?
Si vocales sint dipthongi?
Quid si graves sint acuti?
Si accentus fiant muti?
Quid si placide, plene, plane,
Fregi frontem Prisciani?
Quid si sedem muto sede?
Quid si carmen claudo pede?
Quid si noctem sensi diem?
Quid si veprem esse viam?
Sat est, verbum declinavi,
"Titubo titubas titubavi."

UPON THE

ERRATA.

Reader, think no wonder by it,
If with Town I've Town supplied;
If my metre's backward nature
Set before what shou'd be later;
As for instance is exprest there,
Harrington after Godmanchester.
What tho' breve's be made longo's,
What tho' vowels be dipthongo's?
What tho' graves become acute too?
What tho' accents become mute too?
What tho' freely, fully, plainly,
I've broke Priscian's forehead mainly?
What tho' seat with seat I've strained?
What tho' my limp verse be maimed?
What tho' night I've ta'en for day too?
What tho' I've made briers my way too?
Know ye, I've declined most bravely,
"Titubo, titubas, titubavi."

BESSIE BELL:

Cantio Latinè Versa, alternis Vicibus et modernis Vocibus decantanda.

AUTHORE CORYMBÆO.

Damætas. *Eliza-Bella.*

I

Dam. Bellula Bella, mi puella,
Tu me corde tenes,
O si clausa simus cella
Mars et Lemnia Venus!
Tanto mî es, quanti tua res,
Ne spectes Bellula mundum,
Non locus est cui crimen obest
In amoribus ad cœundum.

BESSY BELL:

To be sung in altern Courses and modern Voices.

BY CORYMBÆUS.

Damœtas. *Bessy Bell.*

I.

Dam. My bonny Bell, I love thee so well,
I would thou wad scud alang hither;
That we might here in a cellar dwell,
And blend our bows together!
Dear art' to me as thy geer's to thee,
The world will never suspect us,
This place it is private, 'tis folly to drive it,
Love's Spies have no eyes to detect us.

II.

Bel. Crede Damætas, non sinit ætas
Ferre Cupidinis ignem,
Vir verè lætus intende pecus
Cura et carmine dignum.
Non amo te, ne tu ames me,
Nam jugo premitur gravi,
Quæcunque nubit et uno cubat,
Nec amo, nec amor, nec amavi.

III.

Dam. Virginis vita fit inimica
Principi, patriæ, proli,
In orbe sita ne sis invita
Sponsa nitidula coli.
Aspice vultum numine cultum,
Flore, colore jucundum,
Hic locus est, nam lucus adest
In amoribus ad cœundum.

IV.

Bel. Ah pudet fari, cogor amari,
Volo, sed nolo fateri,

II.

Bell. Trust me, Damætas, youth will not let us
Yet to be sing'd with Love's taper,
Bonny blithe swainlin intend thy lambkin,
To requite both thy lays and thy labour.
I love not thee, why should'st thou love me?
The yoke I cannot approve it,
Then lie still with one, I'd rather have none,
Nor I love, nor am lov'd, nor have loved.

III.

Dam. To lead apes in hell, it will not do well,
'Tis an enemy to procreation,
In the world to tarry, and never to marry,
Would bring it soon to desolation.
See my count'nance merry, cheeks red as cherry,
This cover will never suspect us,
This place it is private, 'tis folly to drive it,
Love's Spies have no eyes to detect us.

IV.

Bell. 'Las maidens must feign it, I love tho'
I lain it,
I would, but I will not confess it,

Expedit mari lenocinari,
At libet ista tacere.
Non amo te, quid tu amas me?
Nam jugo premitur gravi,
Quæcunque nubit et uno cubat,
Nec amo, nec amor, nec amavi.

V.

Dam. Candida Bella, splendida stella,
Languida lamina cerne,
Emitte mella Eliza-Bella,
Lentula tædia sperne.
Mors mihi mora, hac ipsâ horâ
Jungamus ora per undam,
Nam locus est cui crimen abest
In amoribus ad cöeundum.

VI.

Bel. Perge Damætas, nunc prurit ætas,
Me nudam accipe solam,
Demitte pecus si Bellam petas,
Exue virginis stolam.

My years are consorting, and fain would be sporting,
But bashfulness shames to express it,
I love not thee, why should'st thou love me?
That yoke I cannot approve it,
Then lie still with one, I'd rather have none,
Nor I love, nor am loved, nor have loved.

V.

Dam. My beauteous Bell, who stars dost excel,
See mine eyes never drys, but do wet me,
Some comfort unbuckle, my sweet honeysuckle,
Come away, do not stay, I entreat thee.
Delay would undo me, hie quickly unto me,
This River will never suspect us,
This place it is private, 'tis folly to drive it,
Love's Spies have no eyes to detect us.

VI.

Bell. Come on Damætas, ripe age doth fit us,
Take aside thy nak'd bride and enjoy her,
So thou cull thy sweeting, let flocks fall a bleating,
My maids weed on thy mead I'll bestow there.

Sic amo te, si tu ámes me,
Nam jugo premitur suavi,
Quæcunque nubit et uno cubat,
Et amo, et amor, et amavi.

FINIS.

Thus love I thee, so do thou love me,
The yoke is so sweet, I approve it,
To lie still with one, is better than none,
I do love, I am lov'd, and have lov'd it.

THE END.

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MEN, PLACES, SIGNS, &c.

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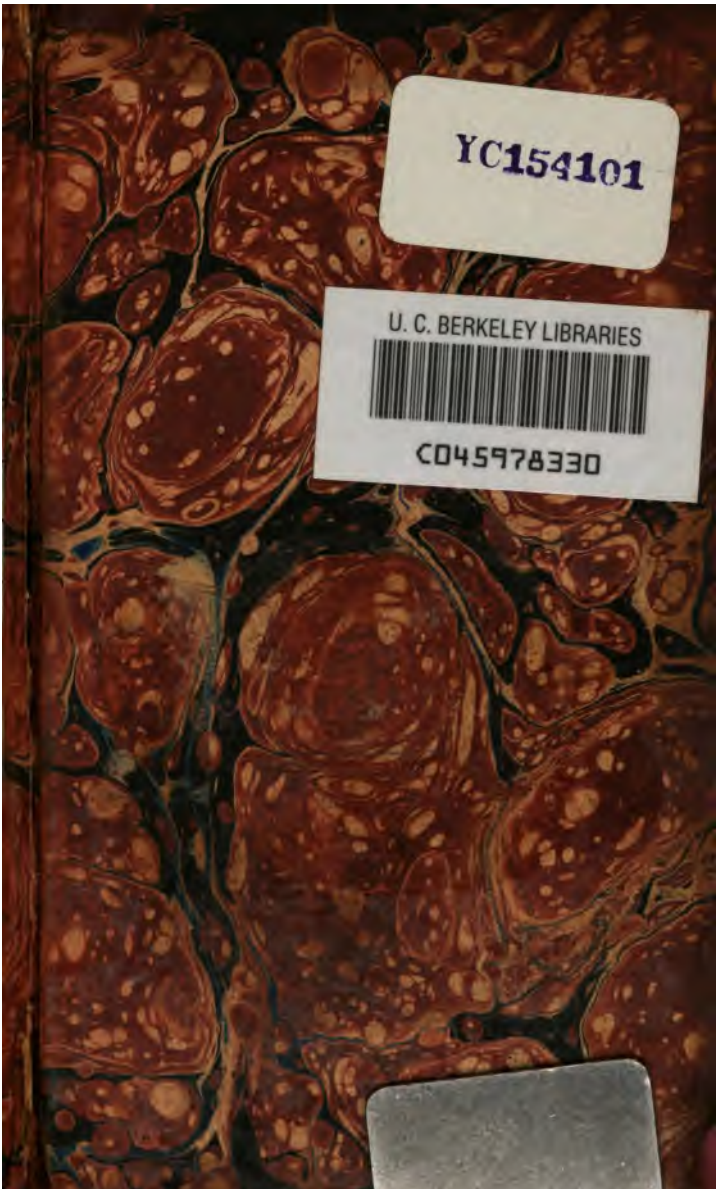
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